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A Christmas Carol

By CHARLES DICKENS



JINXES

of the FAMOUS
by Dick Hyman

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"When a person's nose itches, it's a sign that it should be scratched.

"A black cat crossing your path signifies that the animal is going somewhere.

"Thirteen at a table is unlucky when the hostess has only twelve chops.

"Shaking hands across the table means that two parties are lazy.

"Singing before breakfast is a forewarning of a fight with a neighbor—if the neighbor is trying to sleep late.

"Throwing salt over the shoulder is likely to give the impression that the man who throws the salt has dandruff.

"Recognizing the number 13 is a sign that you have been to school.

"Finding a four-leaf clover is a sign that you have been down on your hands and knees.

"To carry a rabbit's foot is a sign that you are a good shot with a gun—or have a friend who is.

"When three men get a light off one match it is indicative of the fact that they have only one match or are Scotchmen."



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A Christmas Carol

By

Charles Dickens

Adapted by George D. Lipscomb
Illustrated by Henry Kiefer



TINY TIM



THE LITTLE CRATCHITS



EBENEZER SCROOGE

JACOB MARLEY



HIS NEPHEW



BOB CRATCHIT



THE FIGURES

IN THE DREAM

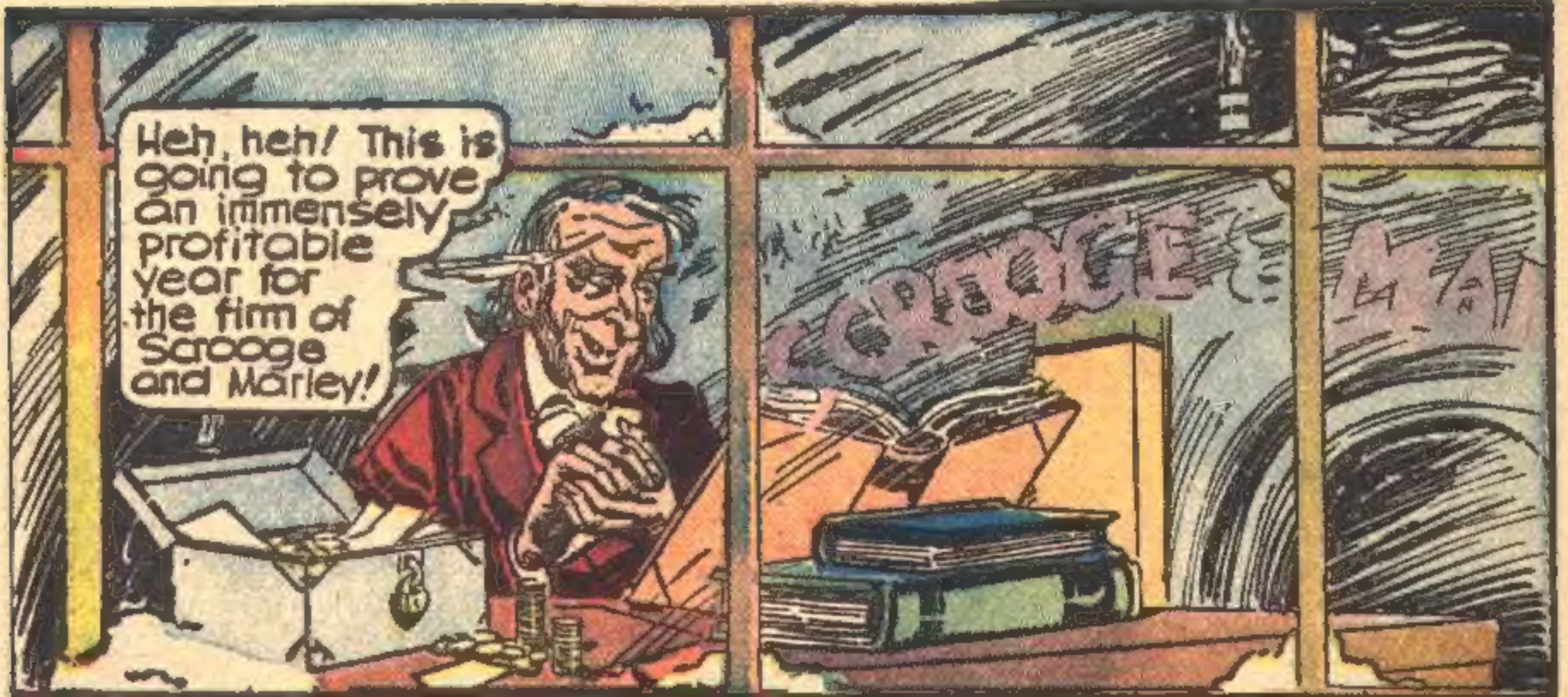
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST

THE IMMORTAL CHRISTMAS "GHOST STORY" PORTRAYING THE HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCES OF EBENEZER SCROOGE, A STONYHEARTED OLD SKIN-FLINT, WHO LIVES SOLELY TO SATISFY HIS OWN MATERIAL WANTS AND SCOFFS OPENLY AT THE SPIRITUAL PLEASURES OF HIS FELLOW-MEN.

HIS PARTNER, JACOB MARLEY, A LONG TIME DEAD AND BURIED, SCROOGE CARRIES ON THE BUSINESS BY HIMSELF, EVEN THOUGH THE SIGN ABOVE THE WAREHOUSE STILL BEARS THE LEGEND, "SCROOGE AND MARLEY."

ONE COLD BLEAK AND BITING AFTERNOON, THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS, FINDS SCROOGE AT WORK IN HIS COUNTING-HOUSE...

WEEK



A CHRISTMAS CAROL



To me, it is a fine and blessed thing, and though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good; and I say, God bless it!

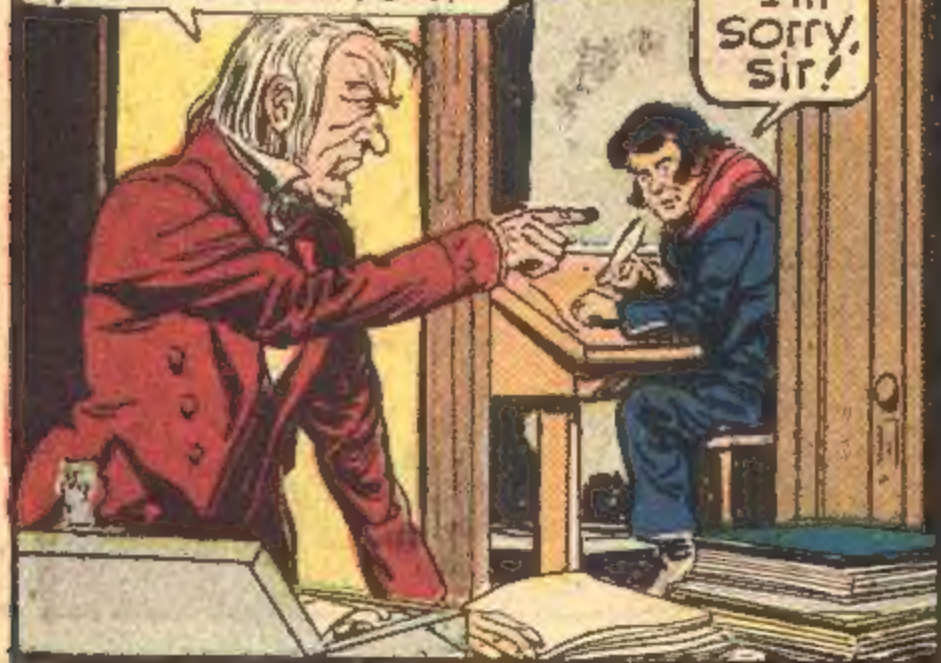


Bravo!
Bravo!



THE NEPHEW'S SPEECH BROUGHT AN INVOLUNTARY BURST OF APPLAUSE FROM THE LITTLE CELL...

Let me hear another word from you, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation!



I'm sorry, sir!

THE CLERK POKED THE LITTLE FIRE AND EXTINGUISHED THE LAST FRAIL SPARK...



When will I ever learn to control my emotions?

Don't be angry, uncle! Come dine with us, tomorrow!

I'll see you in Hades first! Good afternoon!



I'm sorry with all my heart to find you so obstinate! But I'll keep my Christmas humor till the last; so a Merry Christmas, uncle, and a Happy New Year!



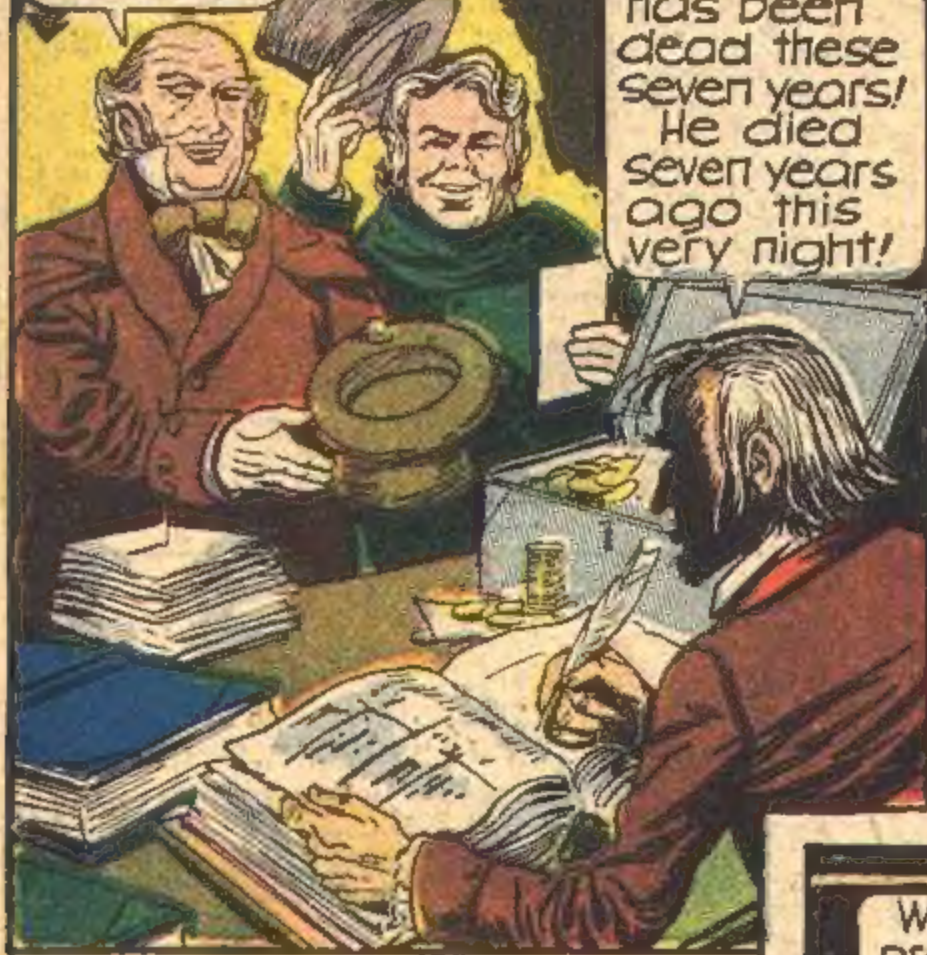
AS THE NEPHEW DEPARTED, TWO PORTLY GENTLEMEN ENTERED THE OFFICE...

Scrooge and Marley's, I believe! Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years! He died seven years ago this very night!

We have no doubt his generosity is well represented by his surviving partner!

What's this?



SHAKING HIS HEAD, SCROOGE HANDED BACK THE PAPERS...

You're wasting your time gentlemen!



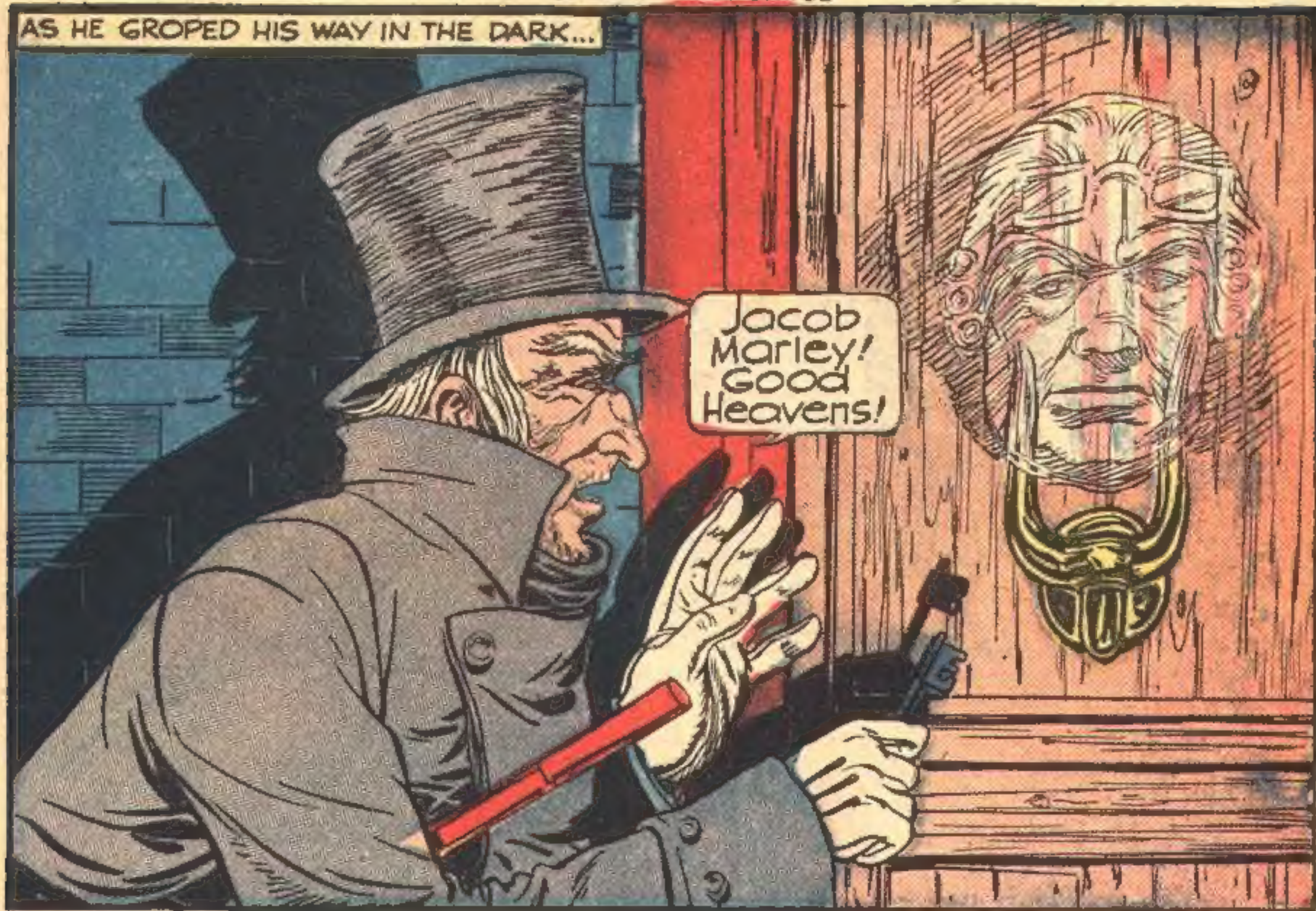
We would appreciate a contribution for the many thousands of poor and destitute who are in dire need!

What are there no prisons? Are there no work houses?





AS HE GROPED HIS WAY IN THE DARK...



Jacob Marley!
Good Heavens!

AS SCROOGE LOOKED FIXEDLY AT THE KNOCKER, THE FACE DISAPPEARED...



Humph! It
was just
my imagina-
tion!

FASTENING THE DOOR, HE WALKED SLOWLY UP THE STAIRS, TRIMMING HIS CANDLE AS HE WENT...



It was a
remarkable
likeness of
the old sin-
ner at that!

AS HE BOLTED THE DOOR OF HIS ROOM, HE COULD NOT ERASE FROM HIS MIND THE IMAGE HE HAD SEEN IN THE KNOCKER...



TO EASE HIS MIND, HOWEVER, HE MADE THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE ROOMS...



IN THE CLOSET, HIS DRESSING GOWN HUNG IN A SUSPICIOUS ATTITUDE AGAINST THE WALL...



Empty, as I should have known! Guess I'll have my gruel* and go to bed!



PUTTING ON HIS DRESSING GOWN AND NIGHT CAP, HE SAT DOWN BEFORE THE FIRE TO TAKE HIS GRUEL...

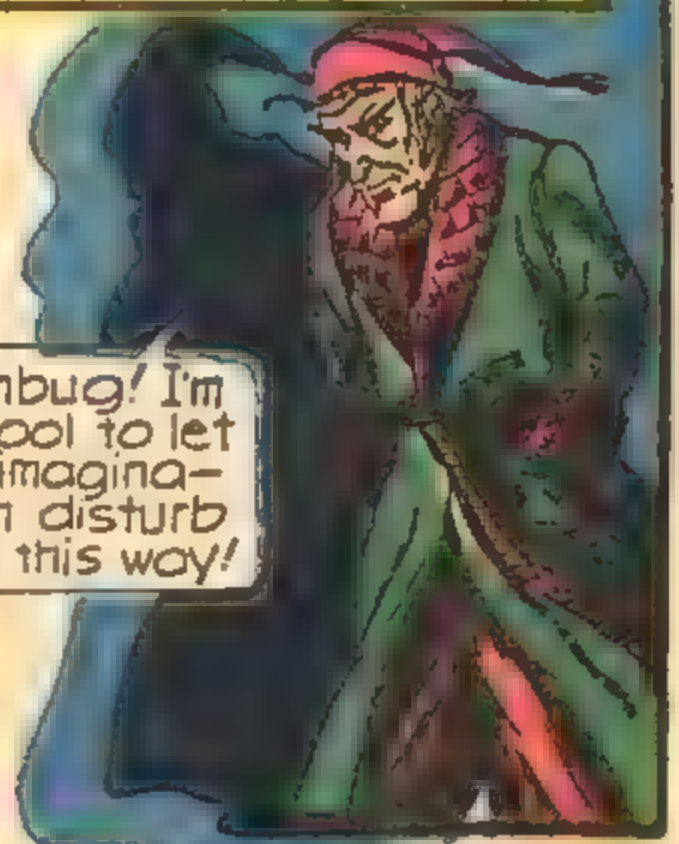


AS HE ATE, MARLEY'S IMAGE CONTINUED TO HAUNT HIS MIND...



JUMPING UP HE TOOK SEVERAL TURNS ACROSS THE ROOM...

Humbug! I'm a fool to let my imagination disturb me this way!



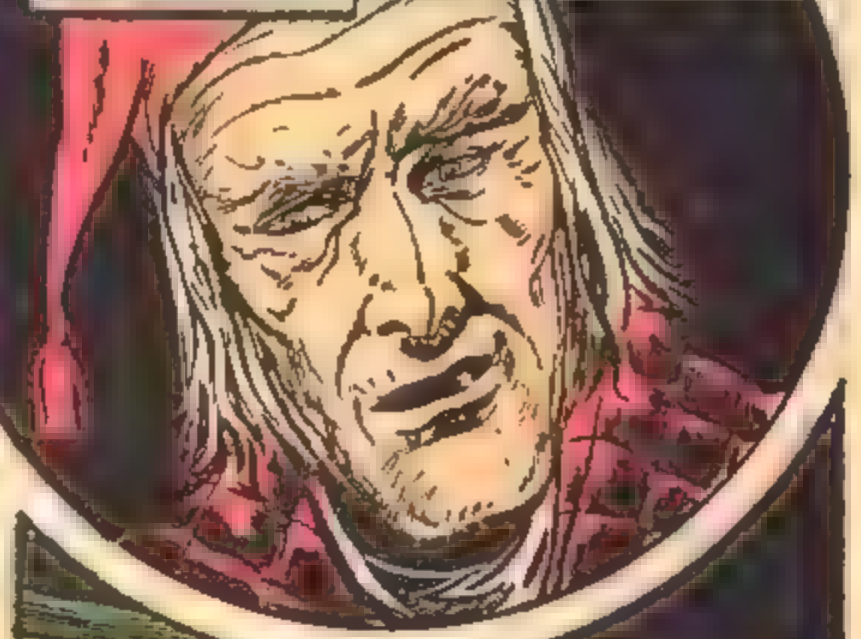
THROWING HIMSELF BACK IN HIS CHAIR, HE WAS ALMOST STARTLED OUT OF HIS WITS...



Good heavens! The bell is ringing!

LOUDER AND LOUDER THE BELL RANG, AND SOON WAS JOINED BY EVERY BELL IN THE HOUSE...

NO SOONER HAD THE BELLS CEASED RINGING, WHEN SCROOGE WAS AWARE OF A CLANKING NOISE DEEP DOWN BELOW...



They do say that ghosts in haunted houses sometimes drag their chains behind them!



SUDDENLY, HE HEARD THE CELLAR DOOR FLY OPEN WITH A BOOMING SOUND. THEN, COMING UP THE STAIRS... COMING STRAIGHT TOWARDS HIS DOOR...



It's humbug still! I won't believe it!



THROUGH THE HEAVY DOOR CAME MARLEY'S GHOST, TRAILING A HEAVY CHAIN MADE OF CASH BOXES, PADLOCKS, LEDGERS, DEEDS, AND HEAVY PURSES WROUGHT IN STEEL...



How now! What do you want with me? Who are you?



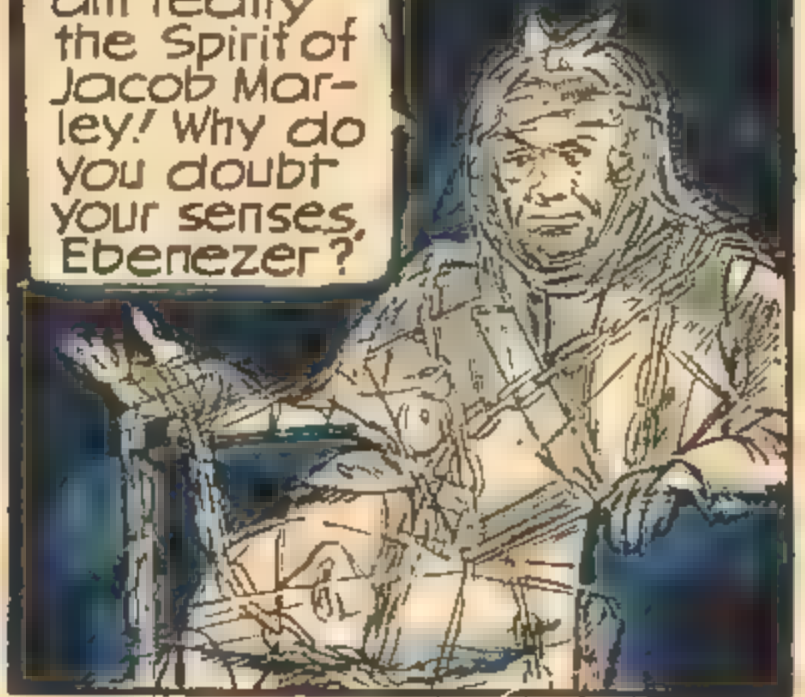
Ask me who I was! In life, I was your partner, Jacob Marley!



C-can you sit down?

WITHOUT HESITATION, THE GHOST SAT DOWN NEAR THE FIREPLACE, AS IF IT WERE QUITE USED IT.

You see, I am really the Spirit of Jacob Marley! Why do you doubt your senses, Ebenezer?



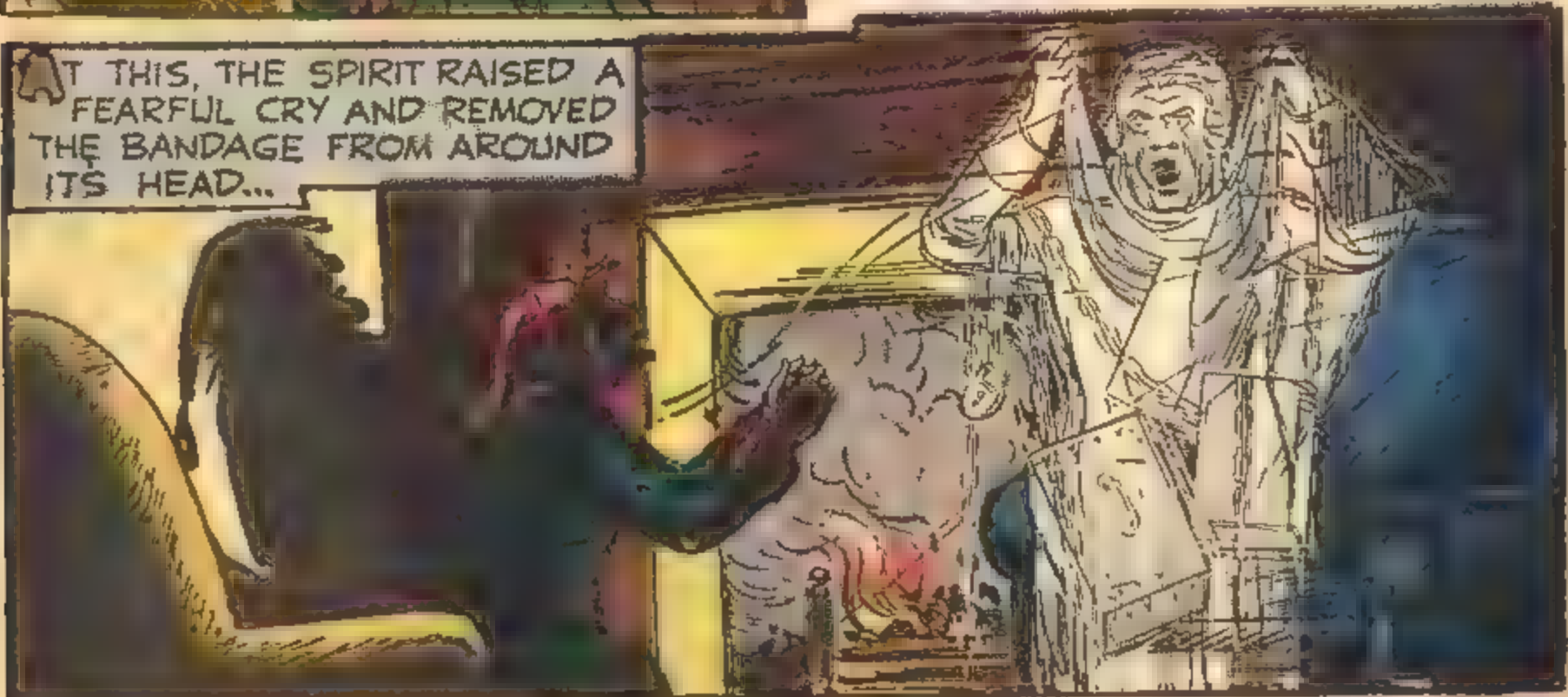
Because a slight disorder of the stomach can make things seem what they really are not! You may be an undigested bit of beef, or a fragment of underdone potato! There are no ghosts!

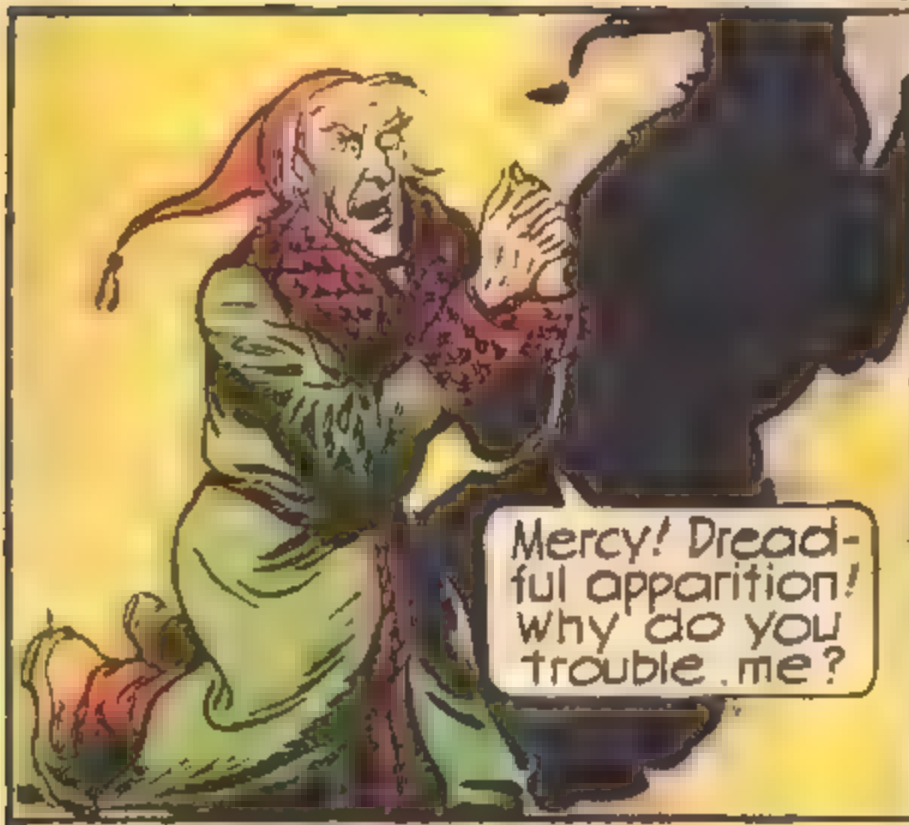


See this tooth-pick? I have but to swallow this, and I'll be cursed with a legion of goblins, all of my own creation!



AT THIS, THE SPIRIT RAISED A FEARFUL CRY AND REMOVED THE BANDAGE FROM AROUND ITS HEAD...



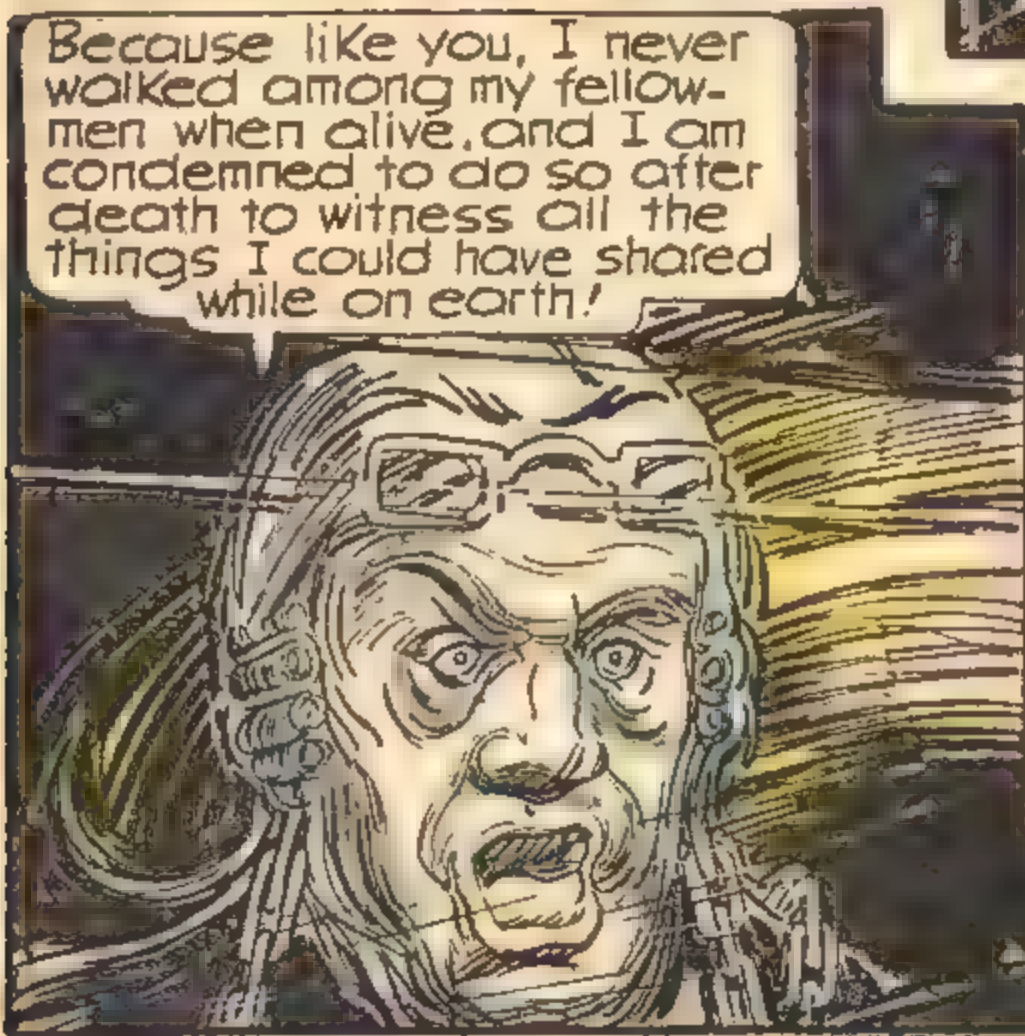


Mercy! Dreadful apparition! why do you trouble me?

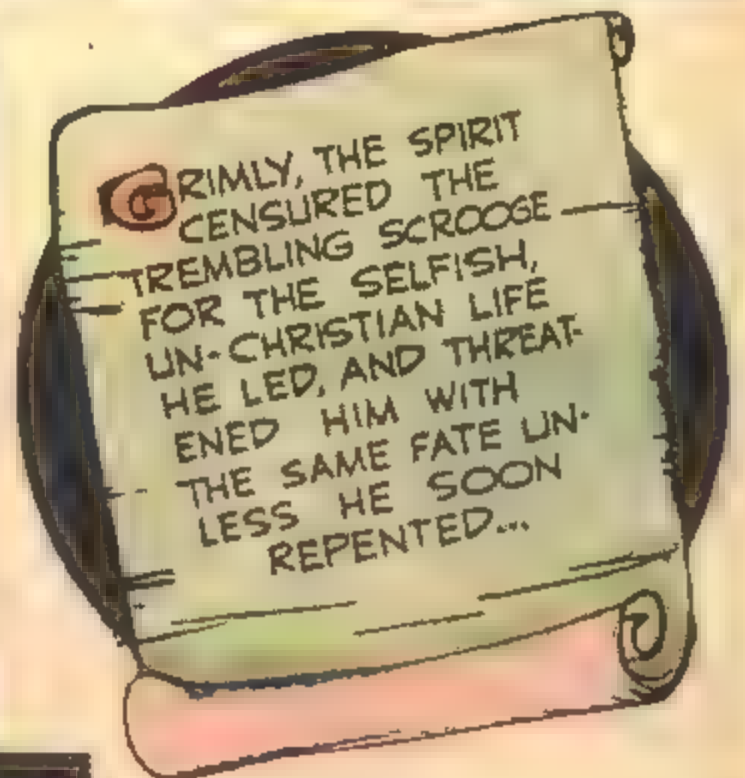


Man of the worldly mind! Do you believe in me, or not?

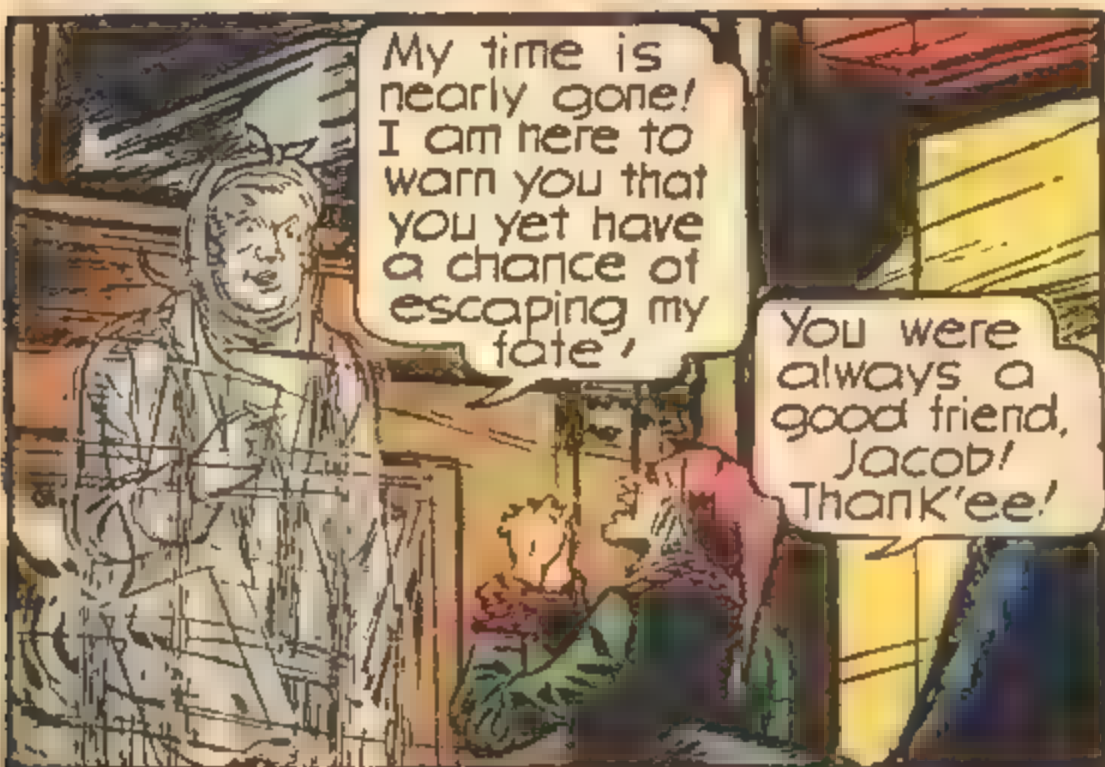
I do! I must! But why do spirits walk the earth and why do they come to me?



Because like you, I never walked among my fellow-men when alive, and I am condemned to do so after death to witness all the things I could have shared while on earth!

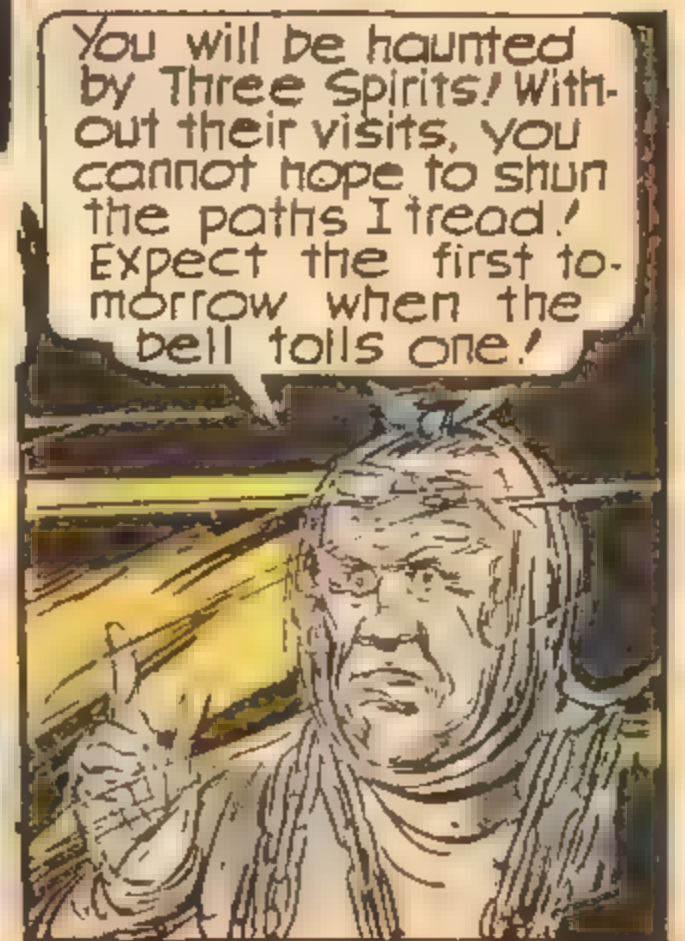


GRIMLY, THE SPIRIT CENSURED THE TREMBLING SCROOGE FOR THE SELFISH, UN-CHRISTIAN LIFE HE LED, AND THREATENED HIM WITH THE SAME FATE UNLESS HE SOON REPENTED...



My time is nearly gone! I am here to warn you that you yet have a chance of escaping my fate!

You were always a good friend, Jacob! Thank'ee!



You will be haunted by Three Spirits! Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the paths I tread! Expect the first to-morrow when the bell tolls one!

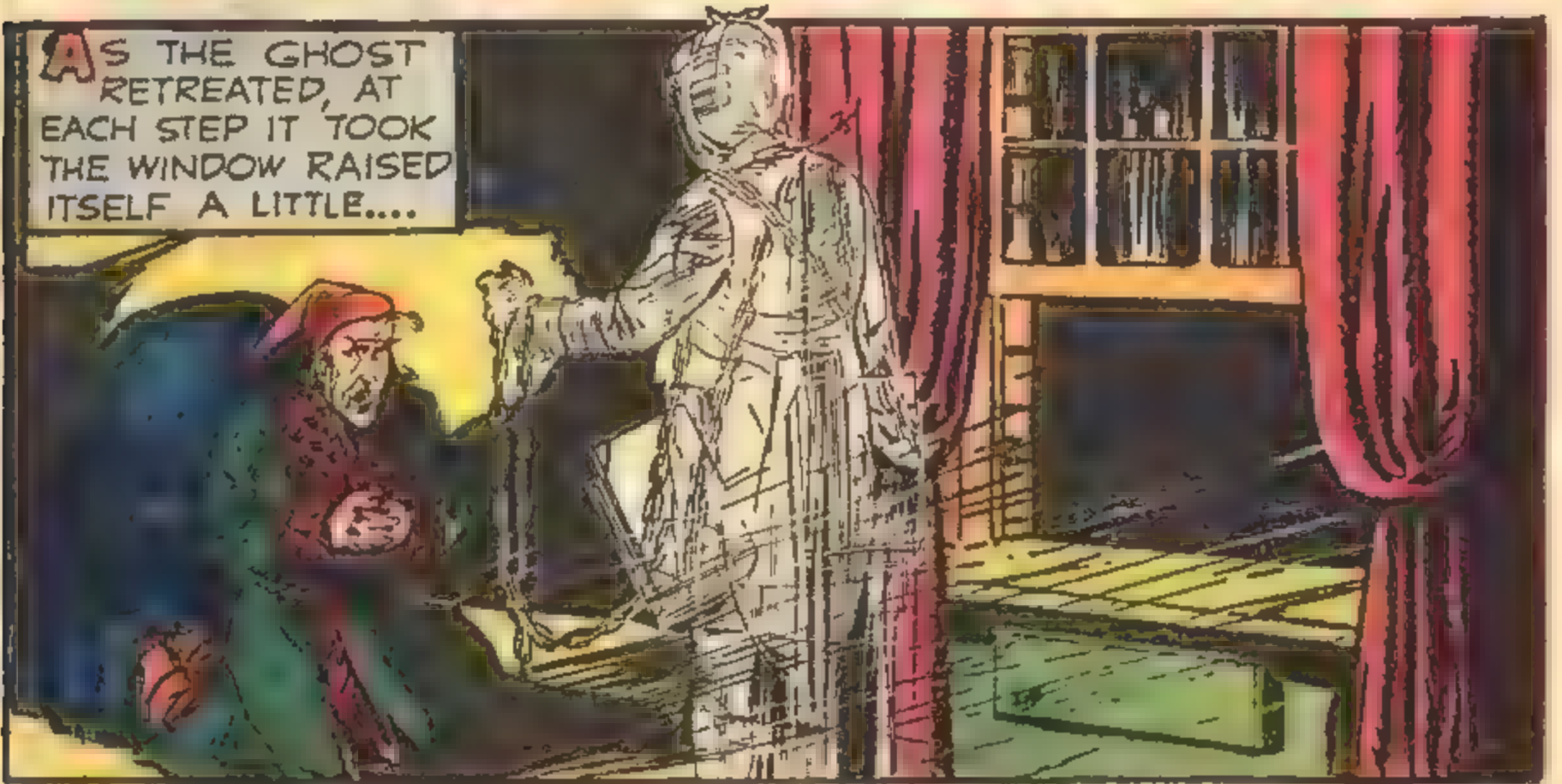
Couldn't I take them all at once, and have it over with, Jacob?

Expect the second on the next night at the same hour! The third on the following night, when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate!

WITH THESE WORDS, THE SPECTRE WRAPPED THE BANDAGE AROUND ITS HEAD AS BEFORE...

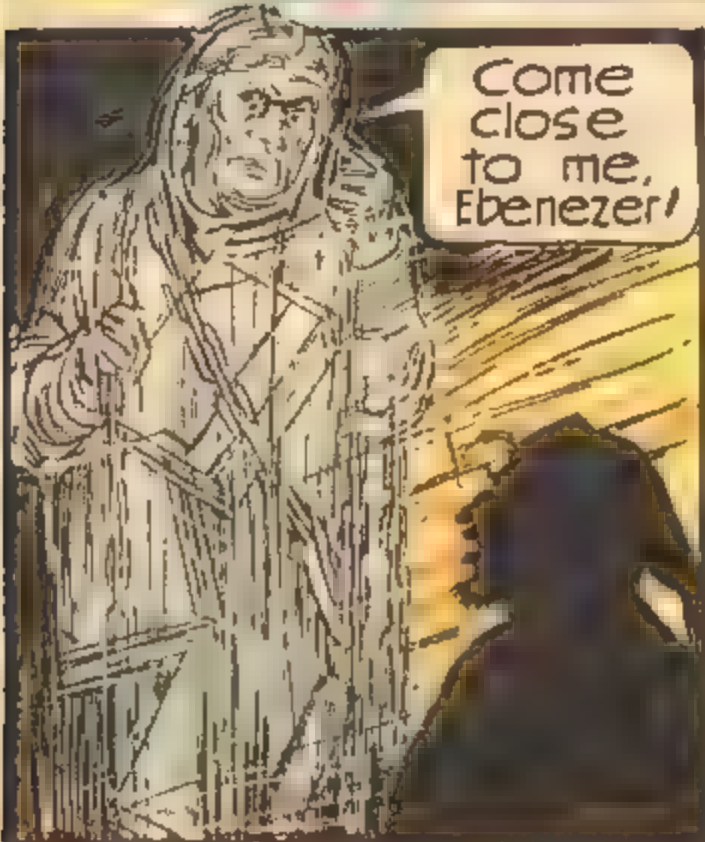


AS THE GHOST RETREATED, AT EACH STEP IT TOOK THE WINDOW RAISED ITSELF A LITTLE....



Come close to me, Ebenezer!

BIDDING SCROOGE TO COME NO FURTHER, THE SPECTRE FLOATED OUT UPON THE BLEAK, DARK NIGHT...



SCROOGE LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW, AND SAW THE AIR FILLED WITH PHANTOMS, MANY OF WHOM HAD BEEN KNOWN TO SCROOGE IN THEIR LIVES... ALL MISERS!

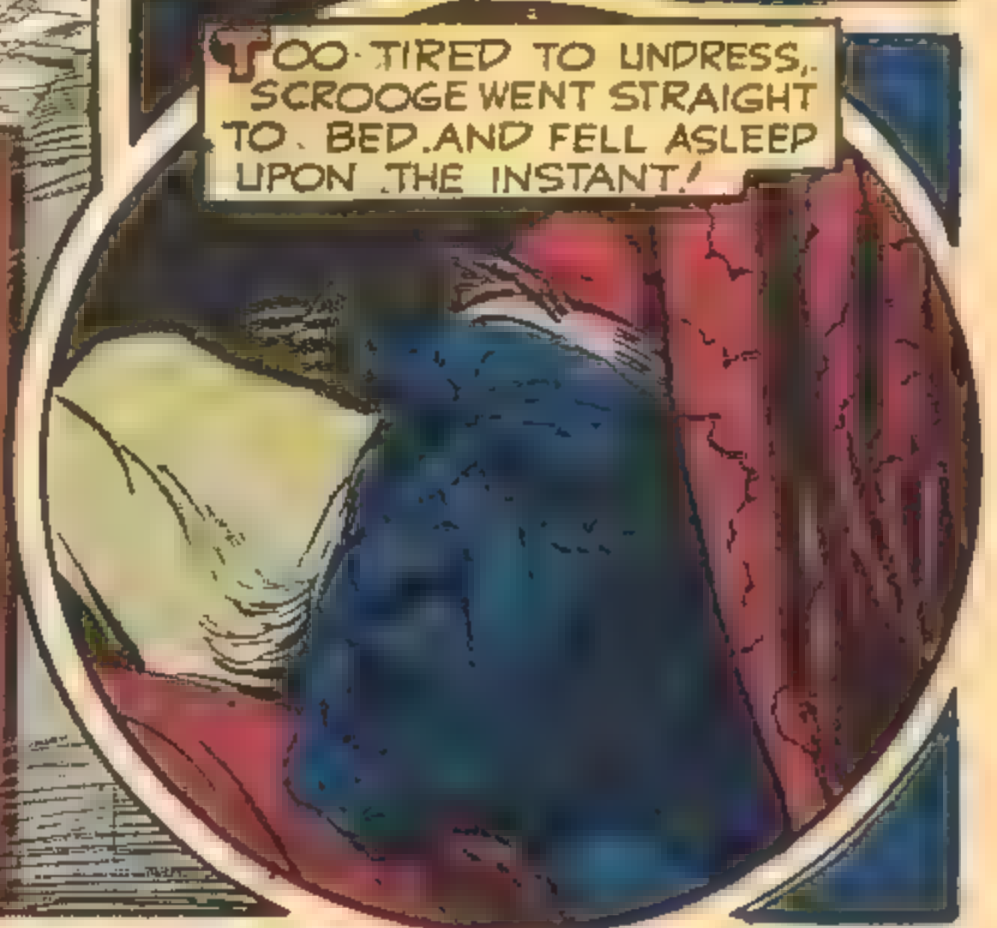


RUNNING BACK TO THE DOOR...

Locked and bolted as when I left it! Hum—er—guess I'll go to bed!

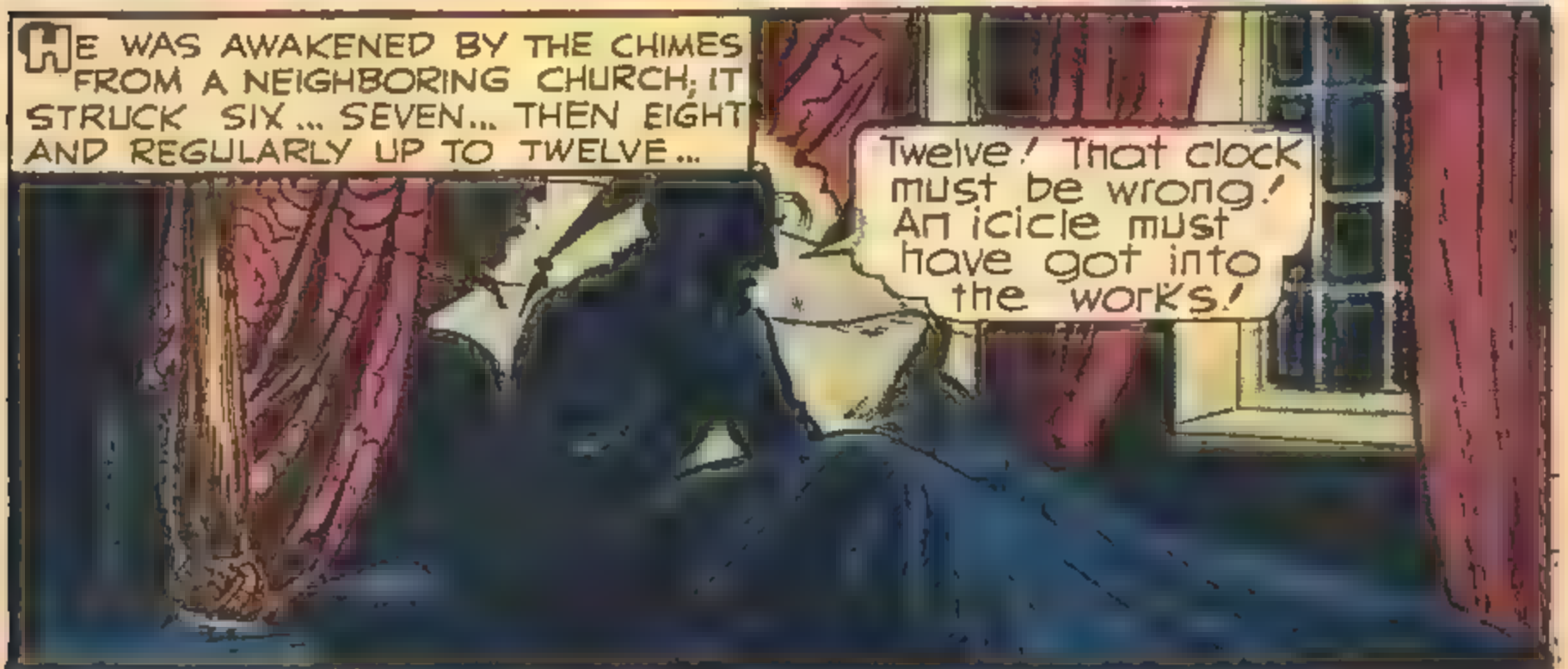


TOO TIRED TO UNDRESS, SCROOGE WENT STRAIGHT TO BED AND FELL ASLEEP UPON THE INSTANT!



HE WAS AWAKENED BY THE CHIMES FROM A NEIGHBORING CHURCH; IT STRUCK SIX... SEVEN... THEN EIGHT AND REGULARLY UP TO TWELVE...

Twelve! That clock must be wrong! An icicle must have got into the works!



Why, it isn't possible that I have slept through a whole day and far into another night!

SCROOGE WENT BACK TO BED, BUT TOSSED ABOUT, UNABLE TO SLEEP...

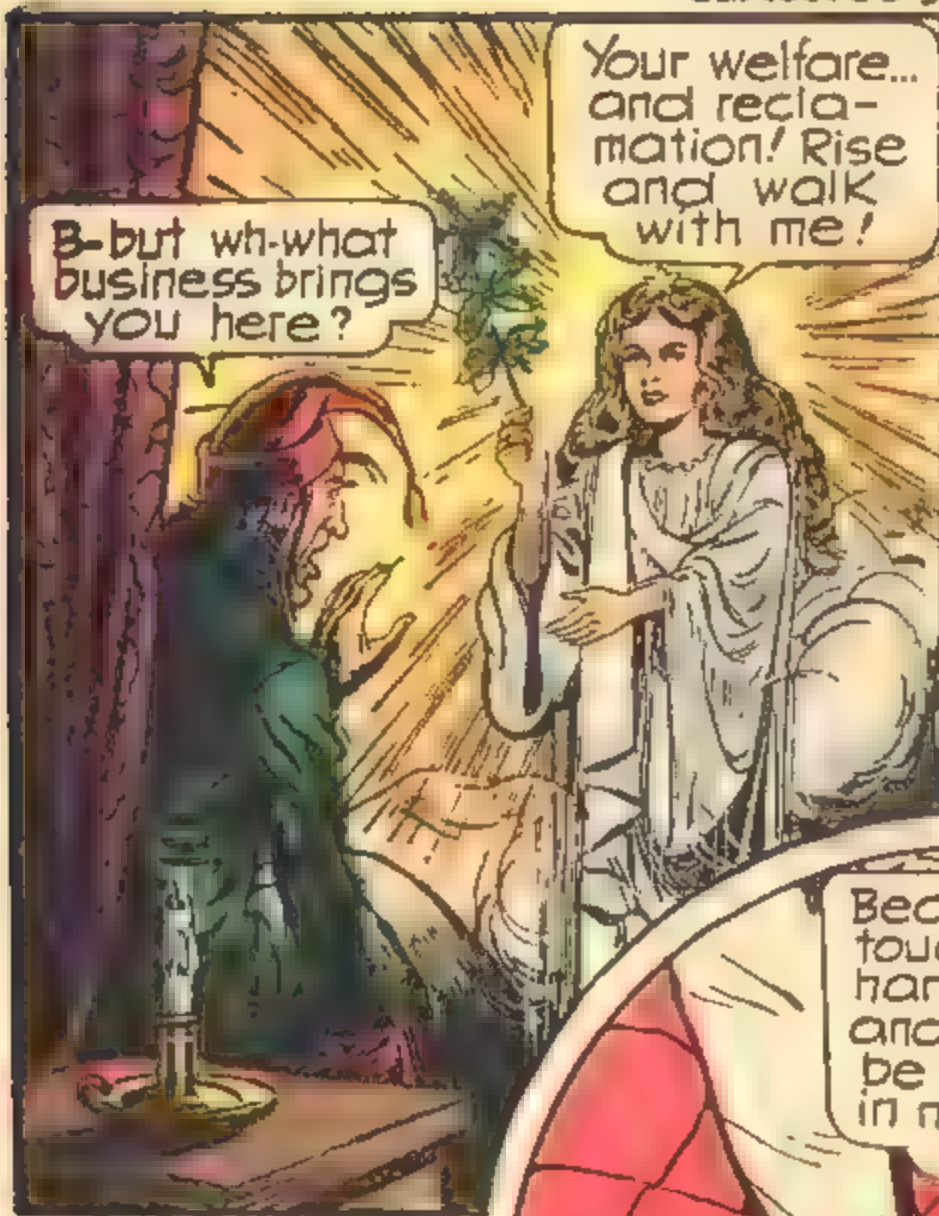
It's all been a horrible dream—huh—or has it been?

HE LISTENED AS THE BELL TOLLED THE QUARTER-HOURS, AND THEN...

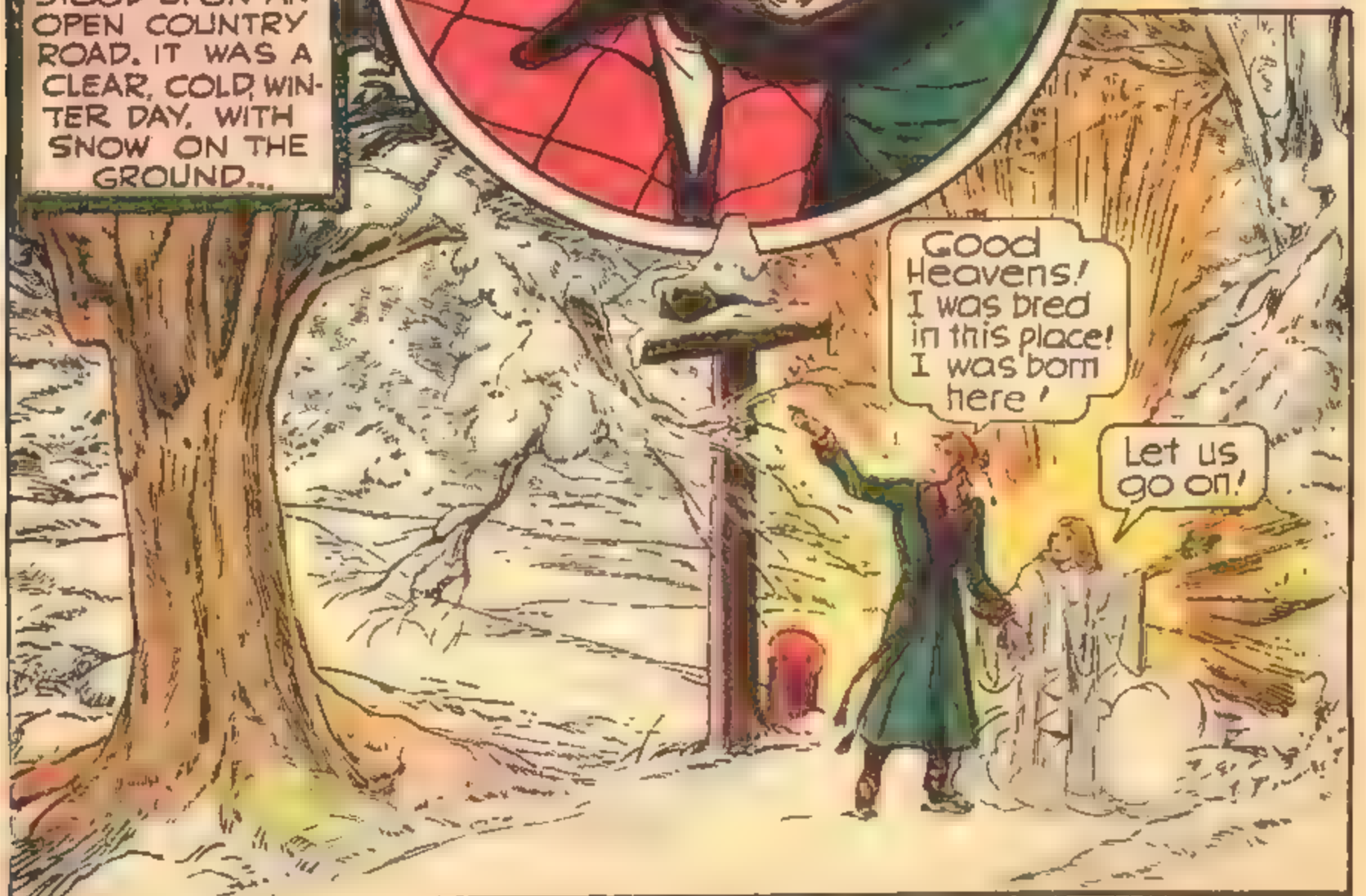
One o'clock!

SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS FLASHED UP IN THE ROOM, AND AN UNEARTHLY VISITOR APPEARED BY THE SIDE OF HIS BED...

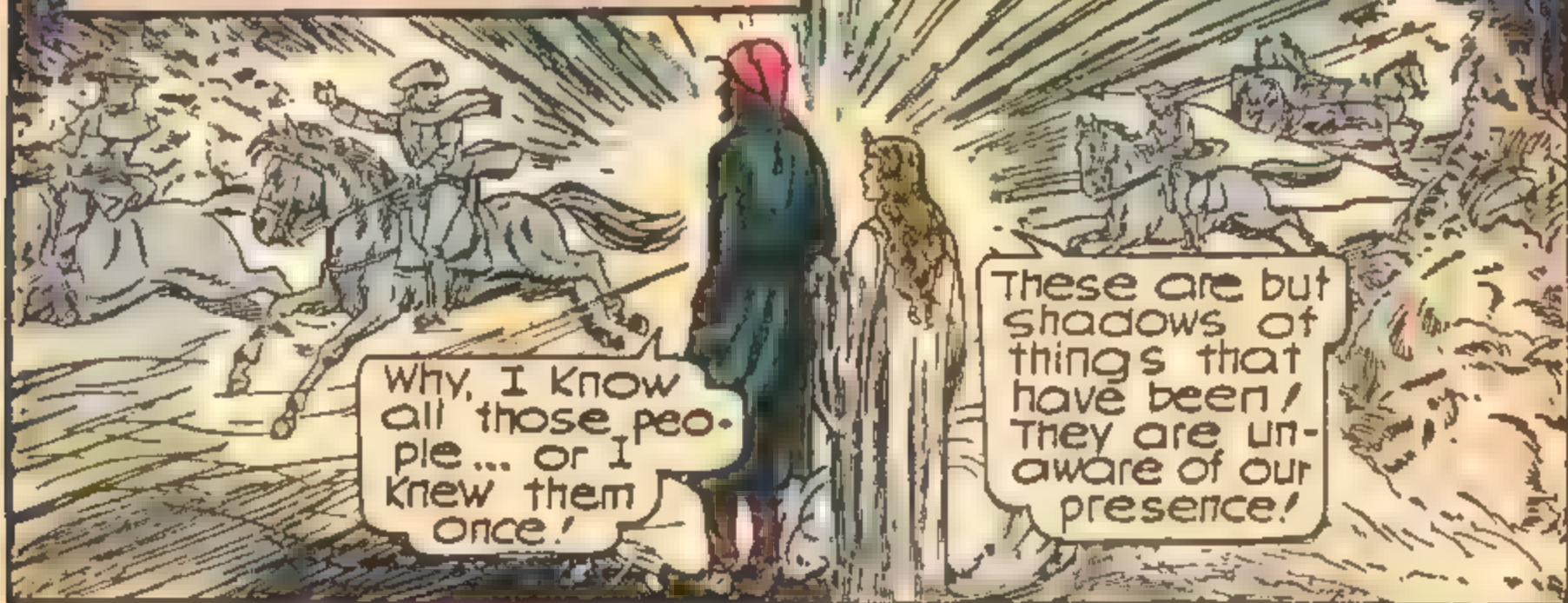
I am the Ghost of Christmas Past!



AS THE PHANTOM
SPOKE, THEY
PASSED THROUGH
THE WALL AND
STOOD UPON AN
OPEN COUNTRY
ROAD. IT WAS A
CLEAR, COLD, WIN-
TER DAY, WITH
SNOW ON THE
GROUND...



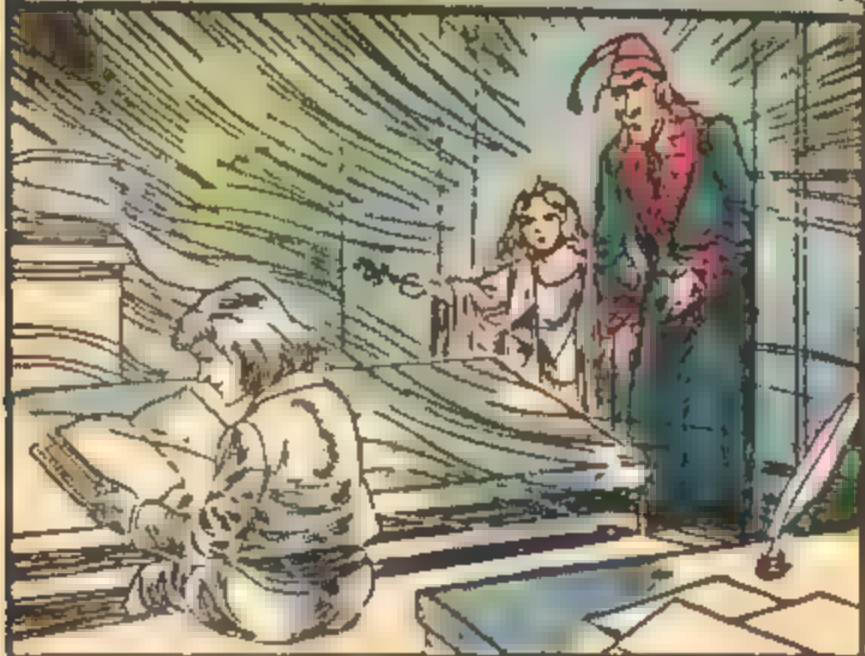
AS THEY WALKED ALONG THE ROAD...



Why, I know all those people... or I knew them once!

These are but shadows of things that have been! They are unaware of our presence!

THE GHOST LED SCROOGE TO THE DOOR OF THE LITTLE SCHOOLHOUSE AND POINTED OUT THE FORM OF A LONELY BOY READING NEAR A FEEBLE LIGHT.

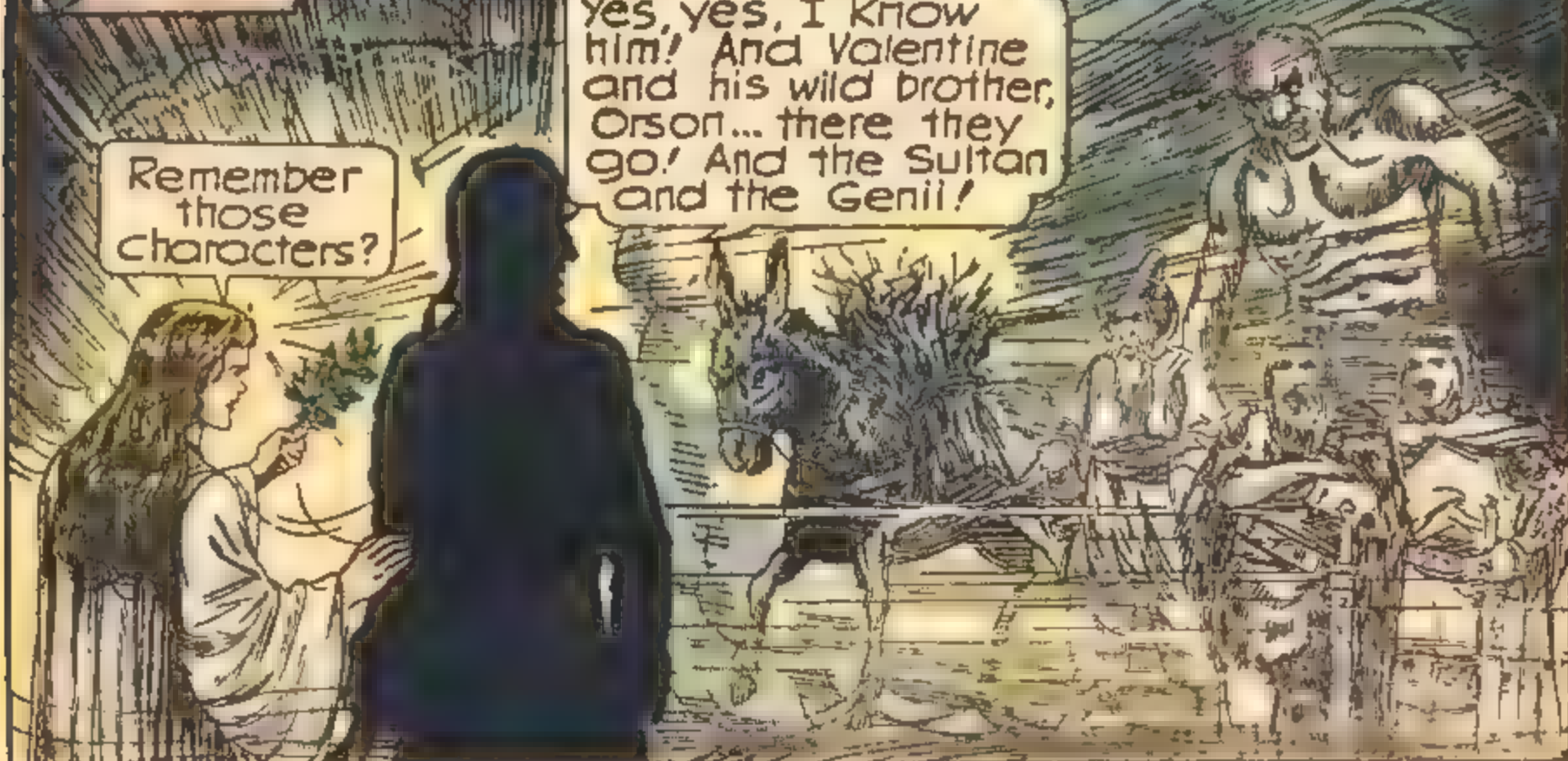


HE RECOGNIZED HIMSELF AS A CHILD...



Poor little boy! Always alone... neglected and shunned by his friends!

SUDDENLY...



Remember those characters?

Why, it's Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know him! And Valentine and his wild brother, Orson... there they go! And the Sultan and the Genii!

And there's
Robinson Cru-
soe and his man
Friday and
the Parrot!
Halloo!

SEIZED WITH PITY FOR
HIS FORMER SELF,
SCROOGE BROKE DOWN
AND CRIED BITTERLY...

Poor boy!
Poor, poor
boy! I wish
... but it's
too late
now!

What
is the
matter?

Nothing!
Nothing!
There was
a boy
singing a
Christmas
Carol at
my door
last night.
I should
have
given him
something
... that's all!

SMILING THOUGHTFULLY, THE
GHOST WAVED ITS HAND...

Let us
see
another
Christmas!

SCROOGE'S FORMER SELF GREW
LARGER AT THE WORDS, AND THE
ROOM BECAME A LITTLE DARKER
AND DIRTIER...

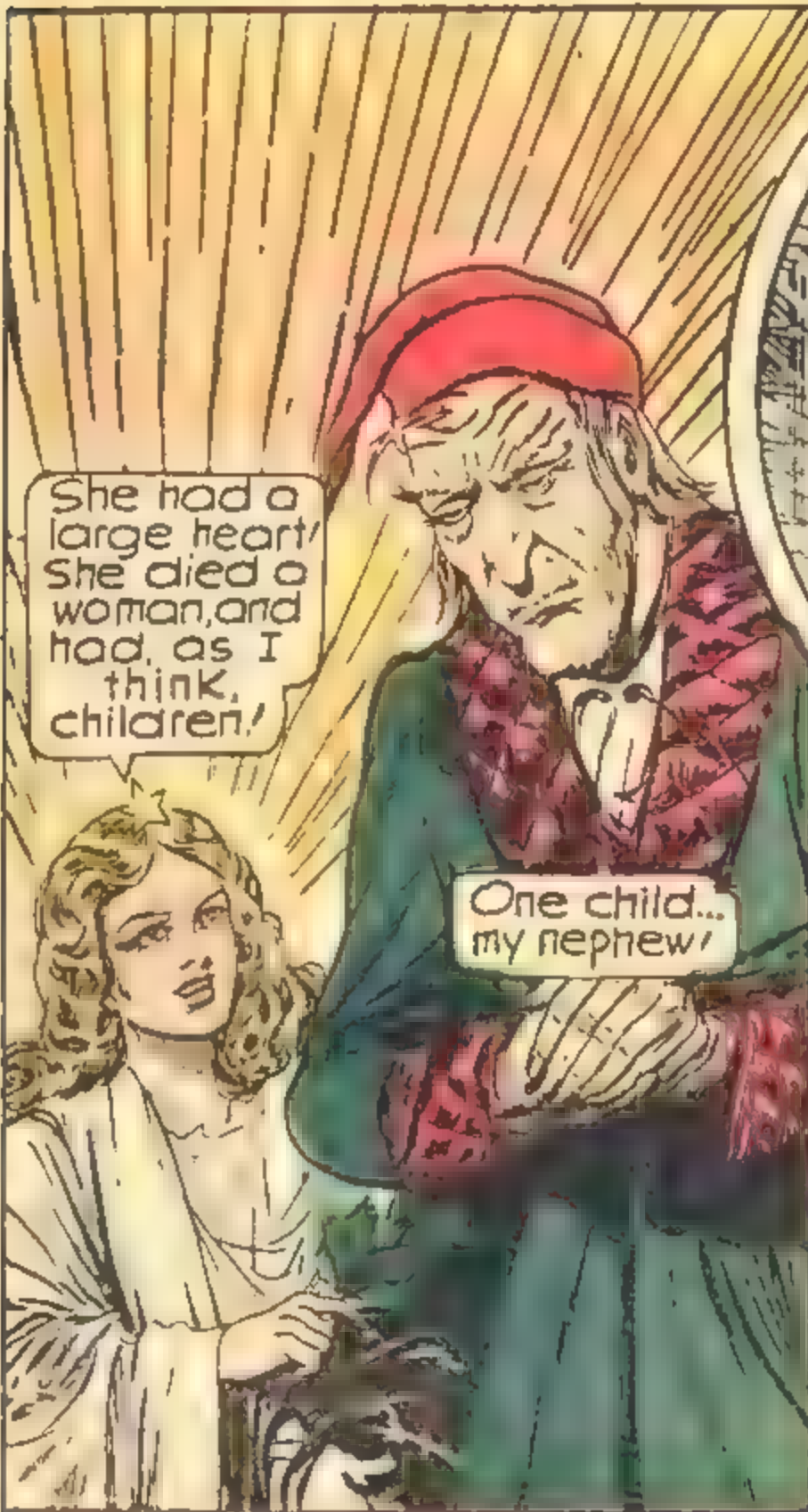


Dear, dear brother! I have come to bring you home, dear brother!

Home, little Fan?



Yes! Home for good an' all! Home for ever and ever! We're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world!



She had a large heart! She died a woman, and had, as I think, children!

One child... my nephew!



THE GHOST LED SCROOGE TO A WAREHOUSE, AND THEY ENTERED...

Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart. It's Fezziwig alive again!



Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!

SCROOGE'S FORMER SELF, NOW A YOUNG MAN, COMES BRISKLY IN, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FELLOW APPRENTICE

Dick Williams, to be sure! Bless me, yes!

One who is learning a trade

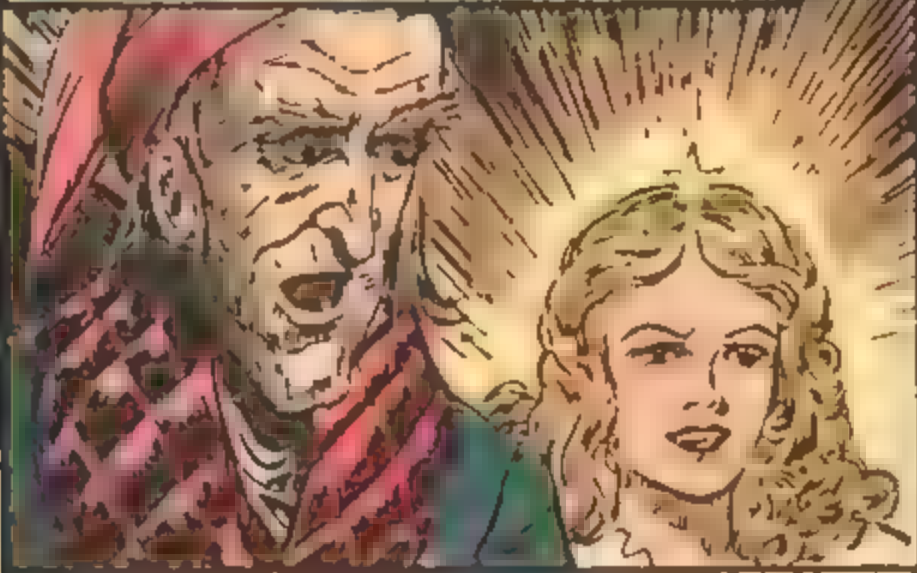
Yo ho, m'lads! No more work tonight! Christmas Eve! Come, clear away and let's make merry! Get them all in here... everybody!



IN A MOMENT, THE CLEARED ROOM RESOUNDED WITH THE MERRY TUNES OF A FIDDLER AND THE JOYOUS SHOUTS OF HAPPY DANCERS...



AS HE WATCHED THE MERRY DANCERS, SCROOGE ACTED LIKE A MAN OUT OF HIS WITS. HIS HEART AND SOUL WERE IN THE SCENE, AND WITH HIS FORMER SELF. THE GHOST SPOKE UP...



My time grows short! Quick!



THE SCENE FADED, AND AGAIN SCROOGE SAW HIS FORMER SELF, THIS TIME, A MAN IN THE PRIME OF HIS LIFE. BY HIS SIDE, SAT A FAIR YOUNG GIRL.

Alas, Ebenezer, I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off, one by one, until the master passion, Gold, has completely possessed you!

What then? I am not changed toward you, am I?

Perhaps, but your nature has changed your spirits! Everything that made my love of any value in your sight has altered!

AS SHE DEPARTED, SCROOGE CRIED OUT IN ANGLISH...

I release you from our engagement with a full heart, for the love of him you once were! May you be happy in the life you have chosen!

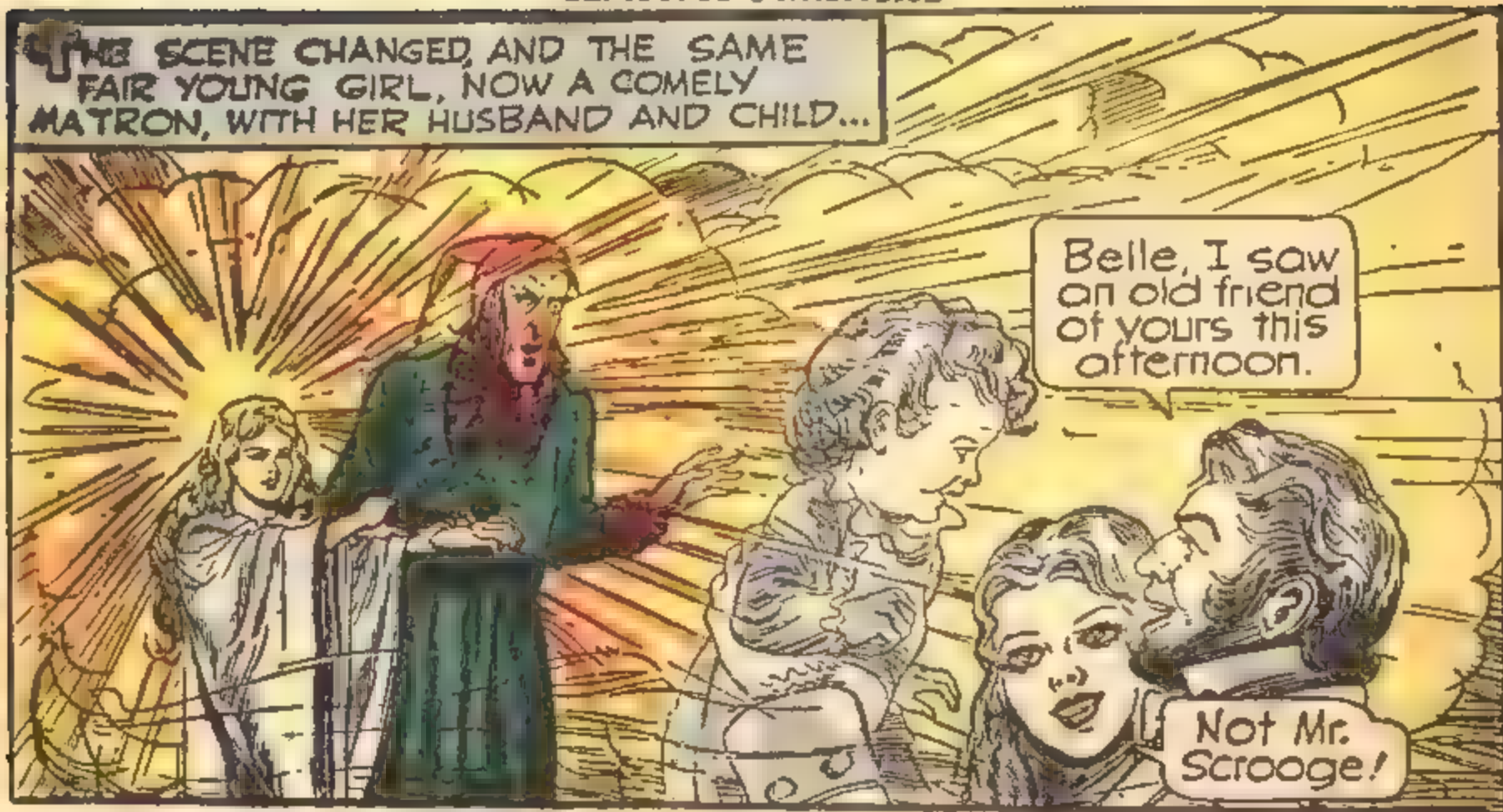
Spirit! Show me no more! Why do you delight in torturing me?

One more shadow!

No more! No more! I don't wish to see it! Show me no more!

BUT THE RELENTLESS GHOST FORCED HIM TO OBSERVE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT...

THE SCENE CHANGED, AND THE SAME FAIR YOUNG GIRL, NOW A COMELY MATRON, WITH HER HUSBAND AND CHILD...



Belle, I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon.

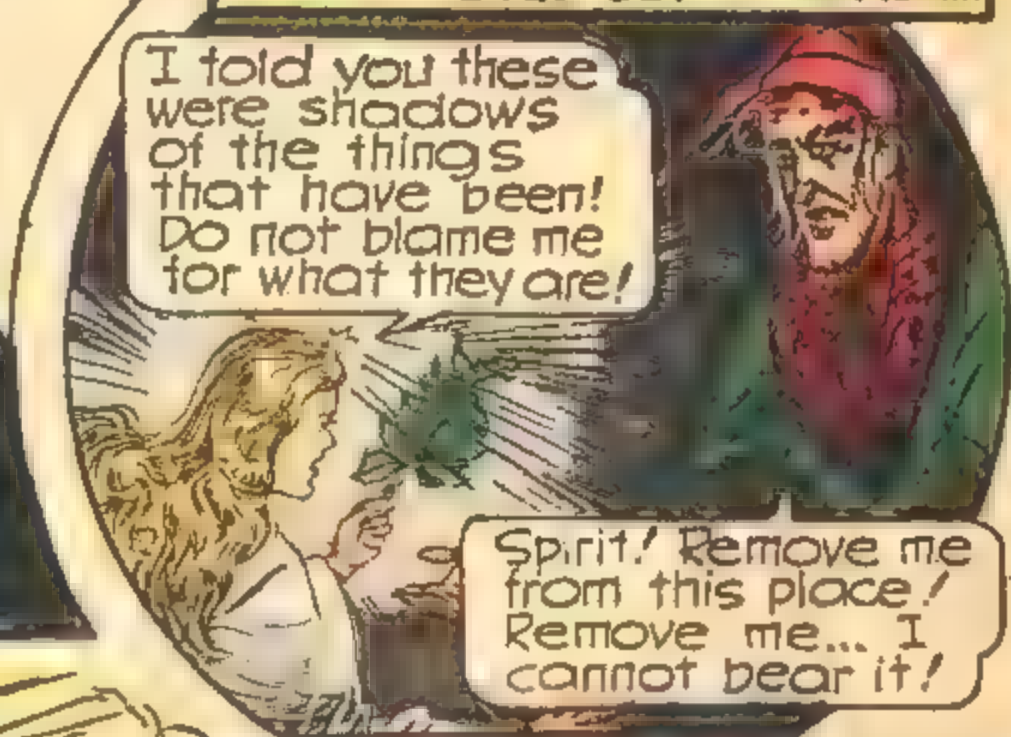
Not Mr. Scrooge!

Mr. Scrooge it was! I passed his office window and I could scarcely help seeing him! His partner lies at the point of death, I hear, and there he sat alone! Quite alone in the world, I do believe!



AGAIN SCROOGE CRIED OUT IN TERROR...

I told you these were shadows of the things that have been! Do not blame me for what they are!



Spirit! Remove me from this place! Remove me... I cannot bear it!

DESPERATELY, HE SPRANG UPON THE GHOST...



Leave me! Take me back! Haunt me no longer!

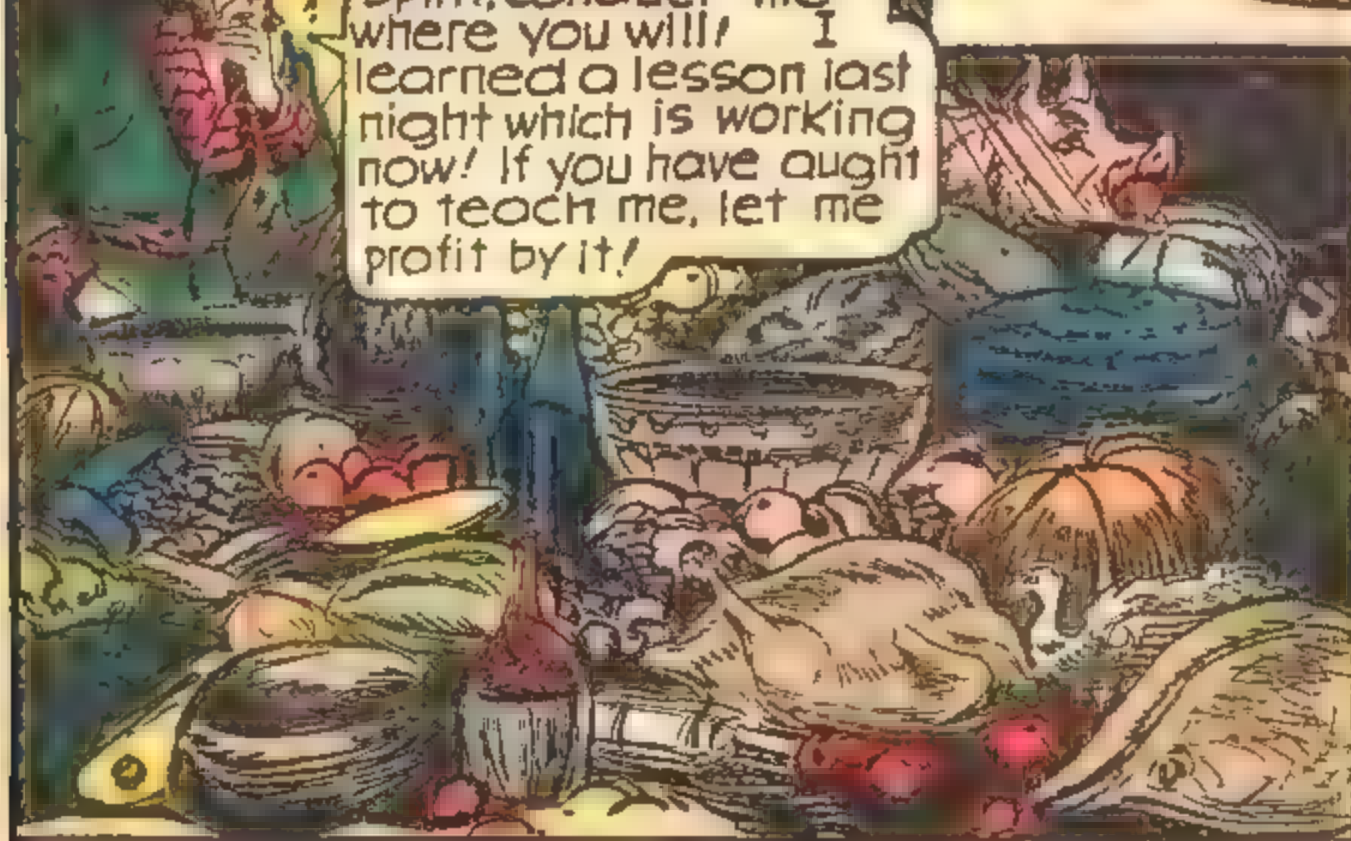
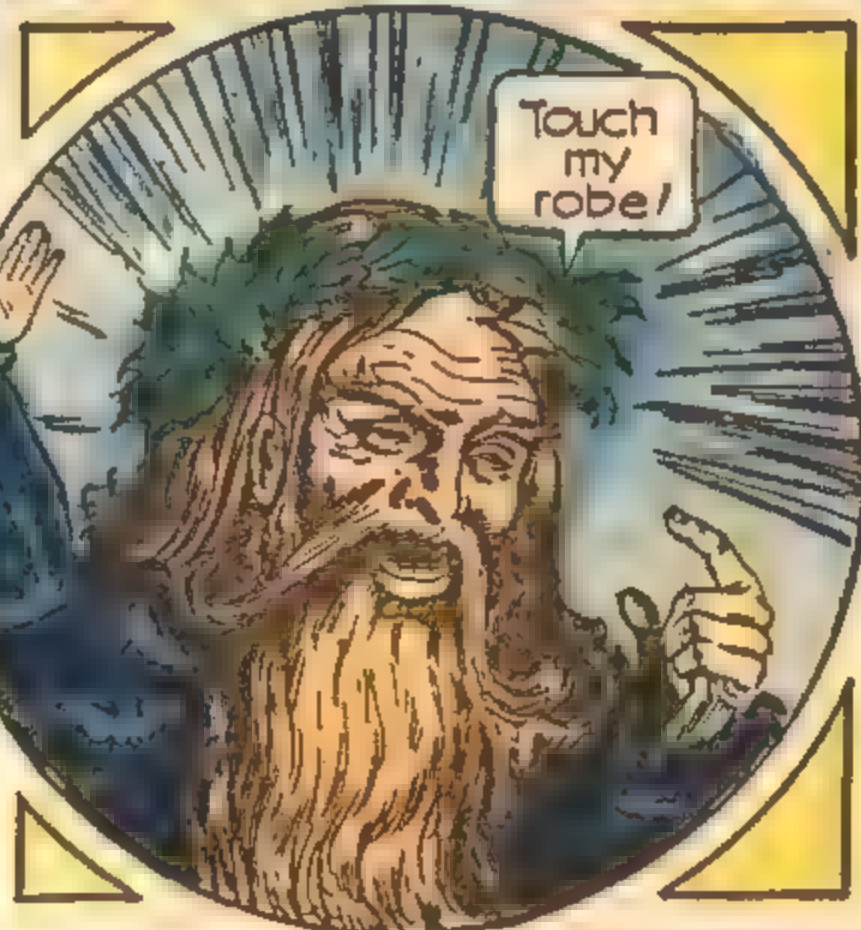
SUDDENLY, HE WAS CONSCIOUS OF BEING IN HIS OWN BEDROOM. AN IRRESISTIBLE DROWSINESS CAME OVER HIM, AND HE SANK INTO A HEAVY SLEEP...



AWAKENED PROMPTLY AT THE STROKE OF ONE. SCROOGE SAW THE ROOM FILLED WITH A STRANGE, EERIE LIGHT...



SUDDENLY, AS HE PLACED HIS HAND ON THE DOOR KNOB...



IMMEDIATELY THE ROOM VANISHED AND THEY STOOD ON THE CITY STREETS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING...



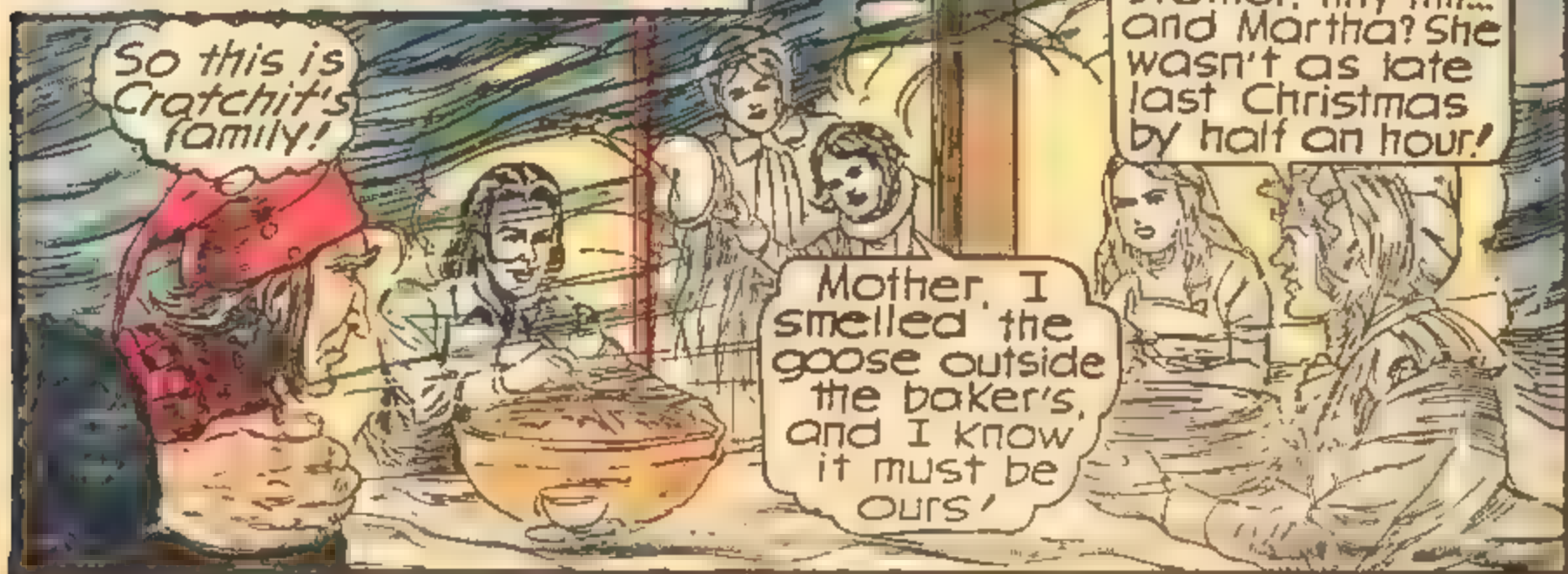
Come with me to yonder house!

That's the house of my clerk, Bob Cratchit!

THE GHOST STOPPED TO BLESS CRATCHIT'S DWELLING WITH SPRINKLES FROM ITS TORCH...

Think of it! Cratchit has but fifteen shillings a week, and yet he blesses his wretched, four room house as though it were a palace!

HOLDING ON TO ITS ROBE, SCROOGE FOLLOWED THE GHOST INTO THE HOUSE...

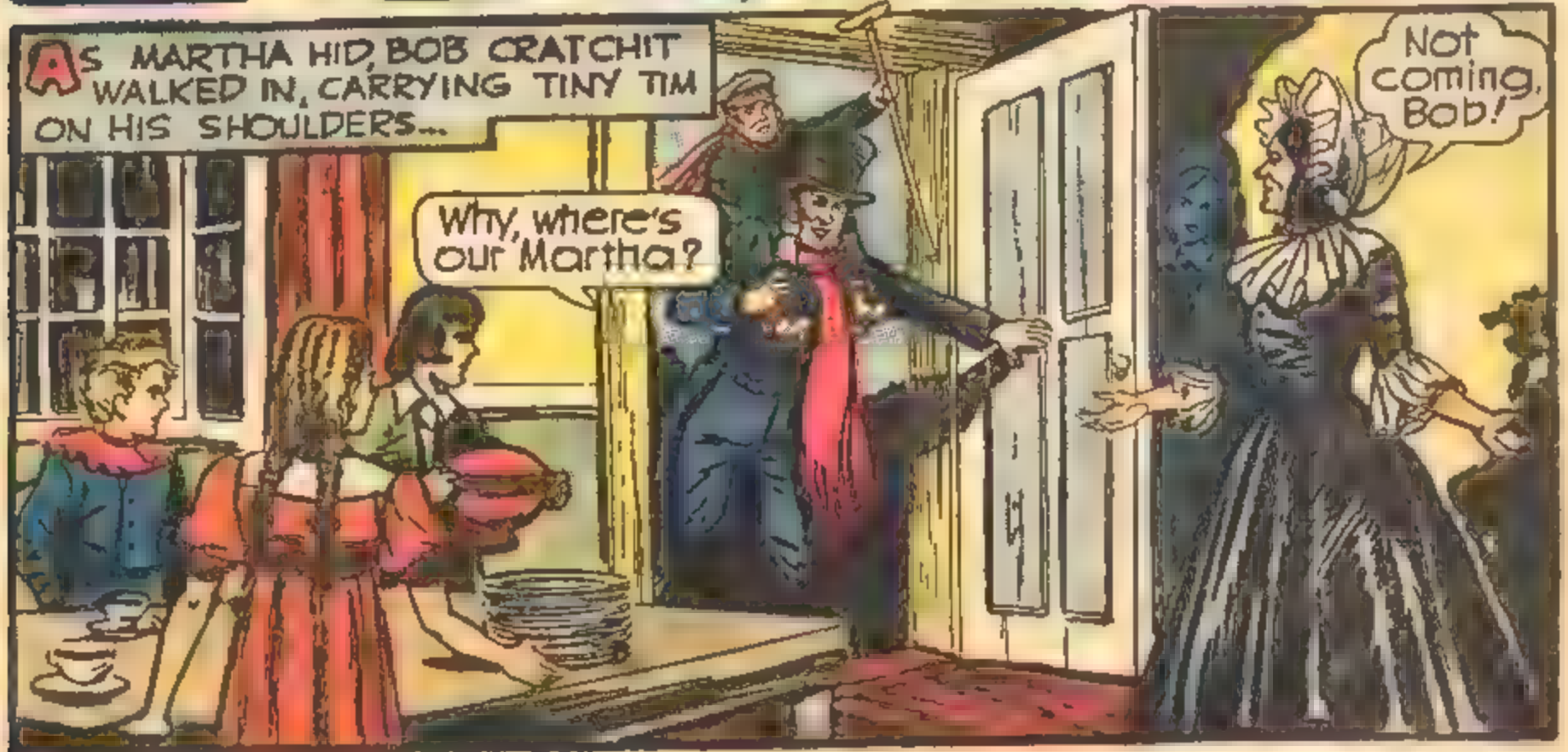
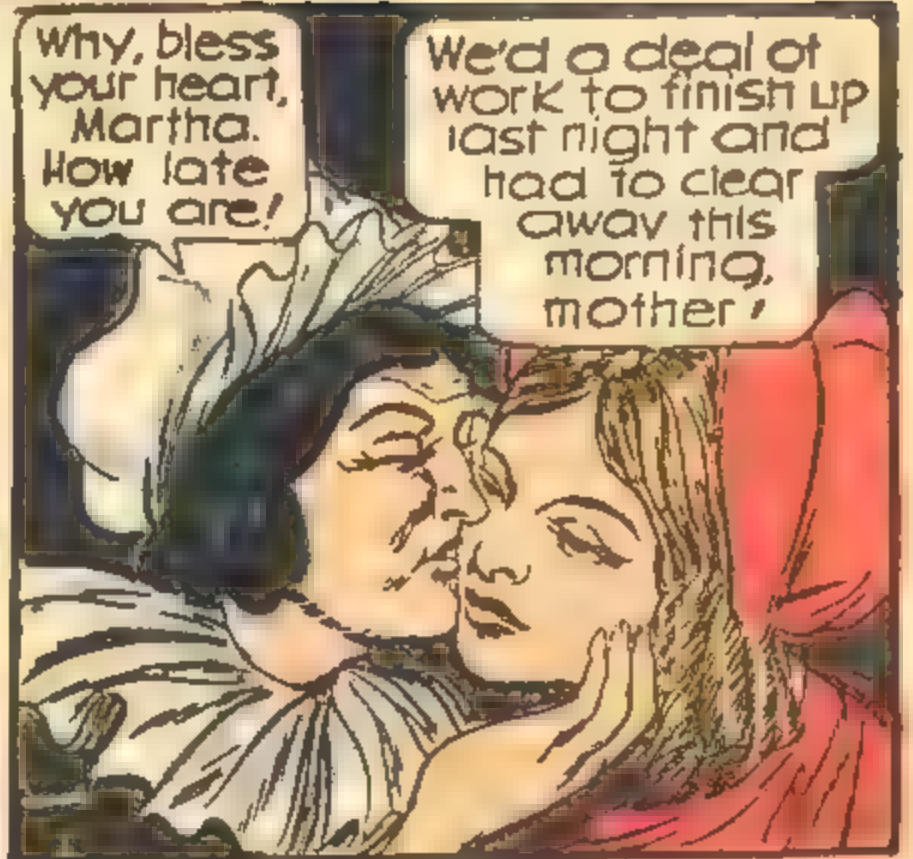


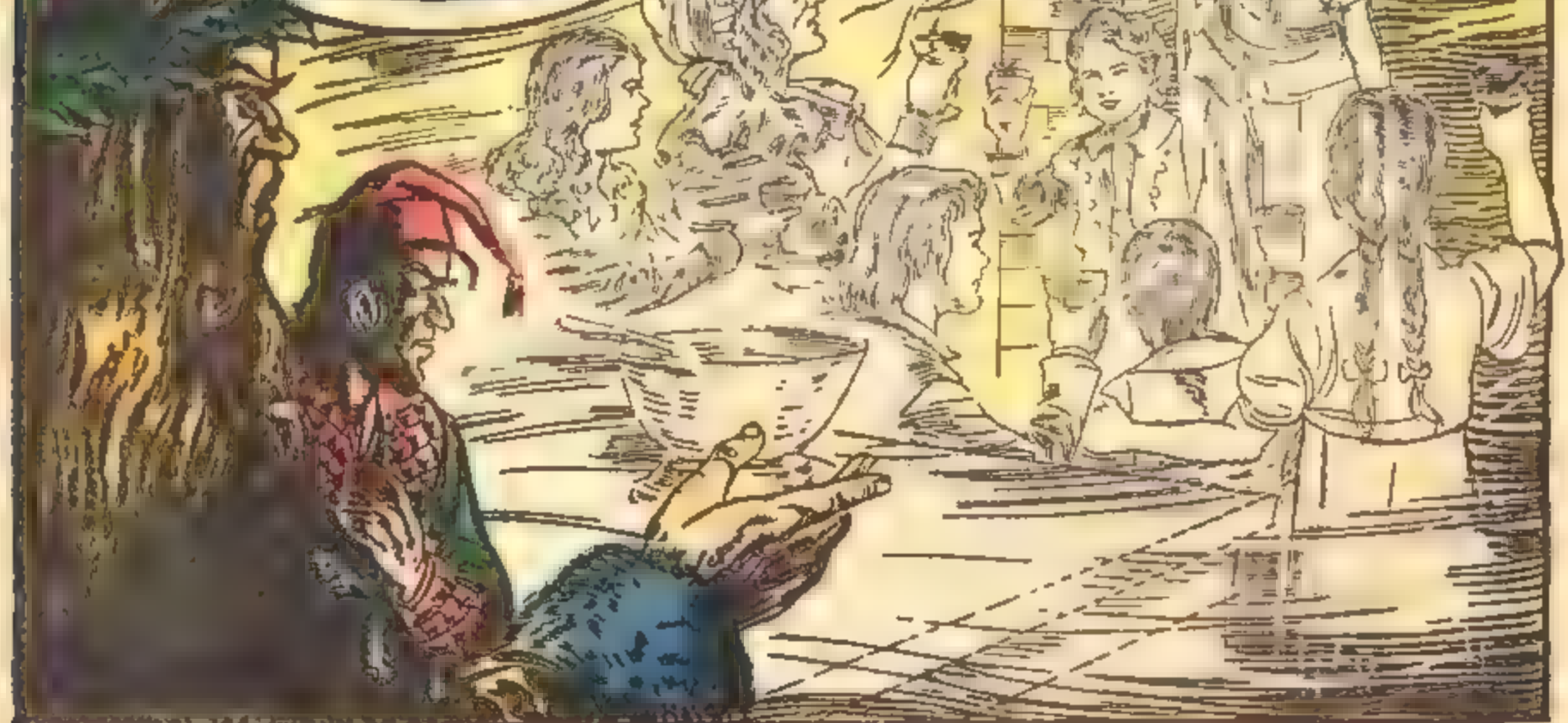
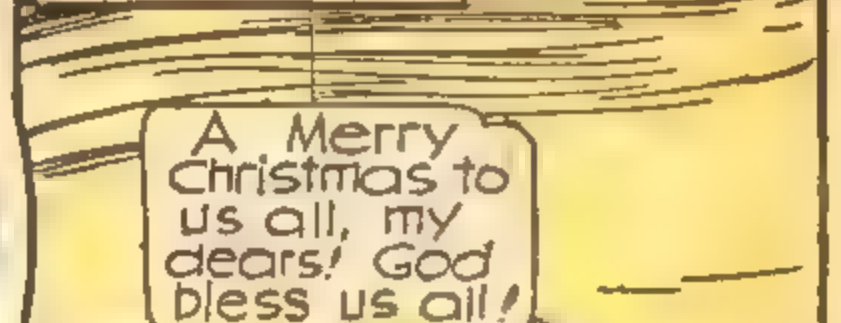
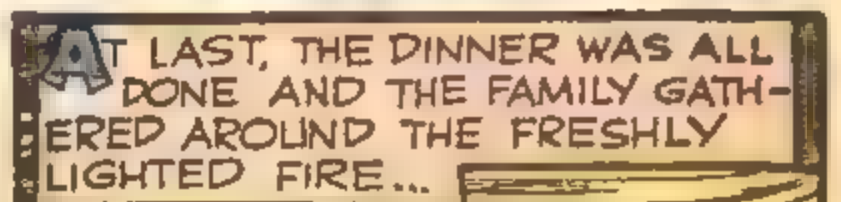
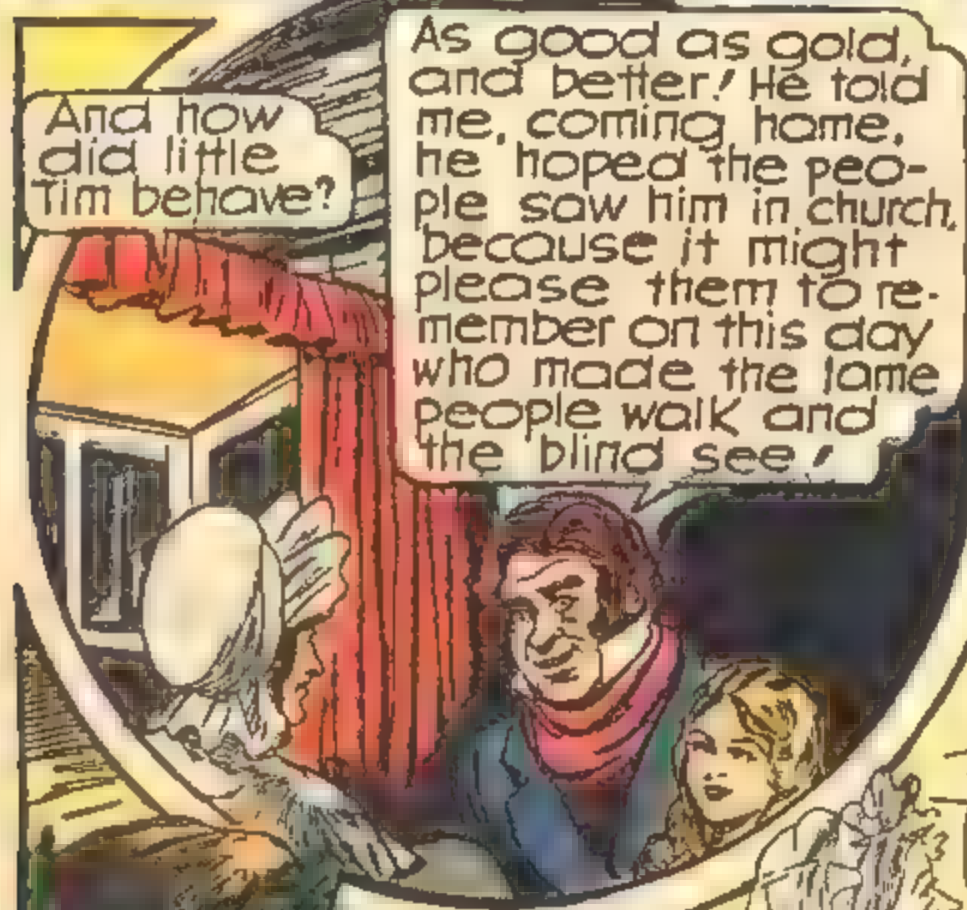
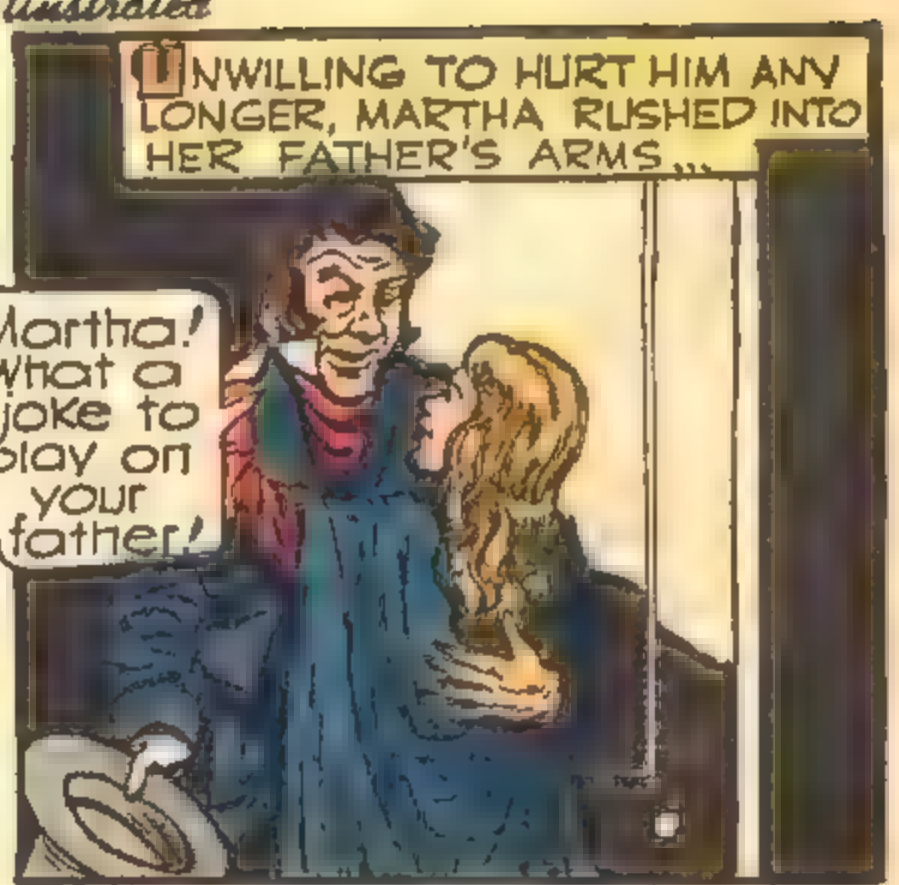
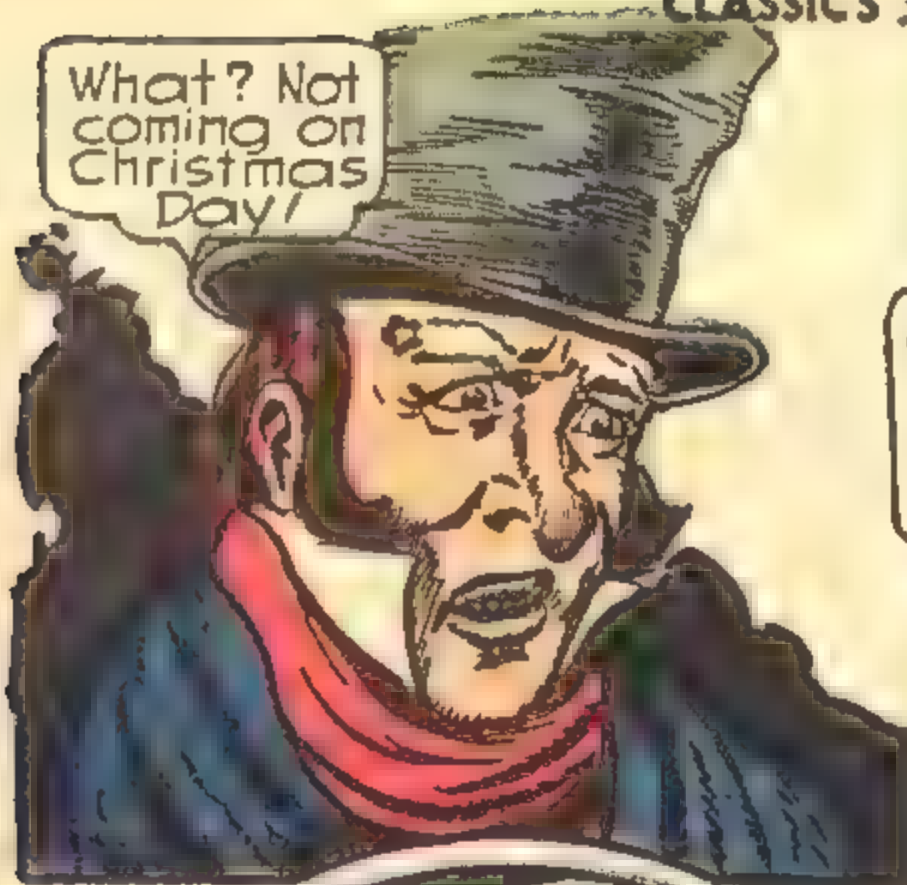
So this is Cratchit's family!

But where's your father...and your brother, Tiny Tim...and Martha? She wasn't as late last Christmas by half an hour!

Mother, I smelled the goose outside the baker's, and I know it must be ours!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL







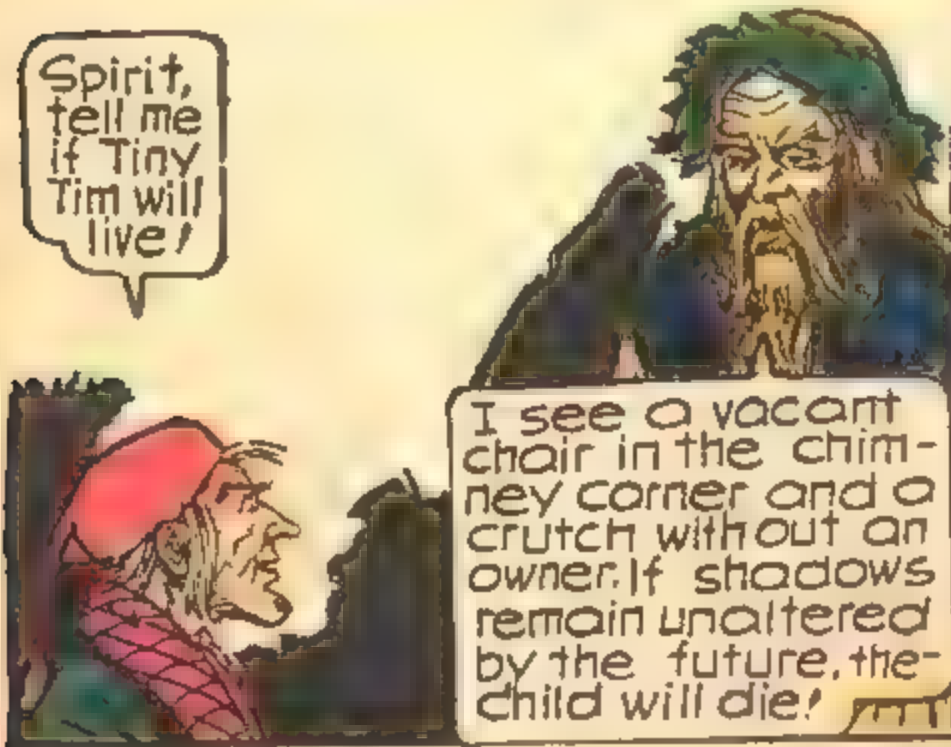
God
bless
us,
every
one!

BOB HELD THE WITHERED LITTLE
HAND TIGHTLY IN HIS OWN, AS
HE DREADED THAT TINY TIM
MIGHT BE TAKEN FROM HIM...



SHOWING A SUDDEN INTEREST
HE HAD NEVER SHOWN BE-
FORE, SCROOGE ADDRESSED
THE SPIRIT...

Spirit,
tell me
if Tiny
Tim will
live!



I see a vacant
chair in the chim-
ney corner and a
crutch without an
owner. If shadows
remain unaltered
by the future, the
child will die!

Oh, no!
No, no,
Kind
Spirit.
Say he
will be
spared!

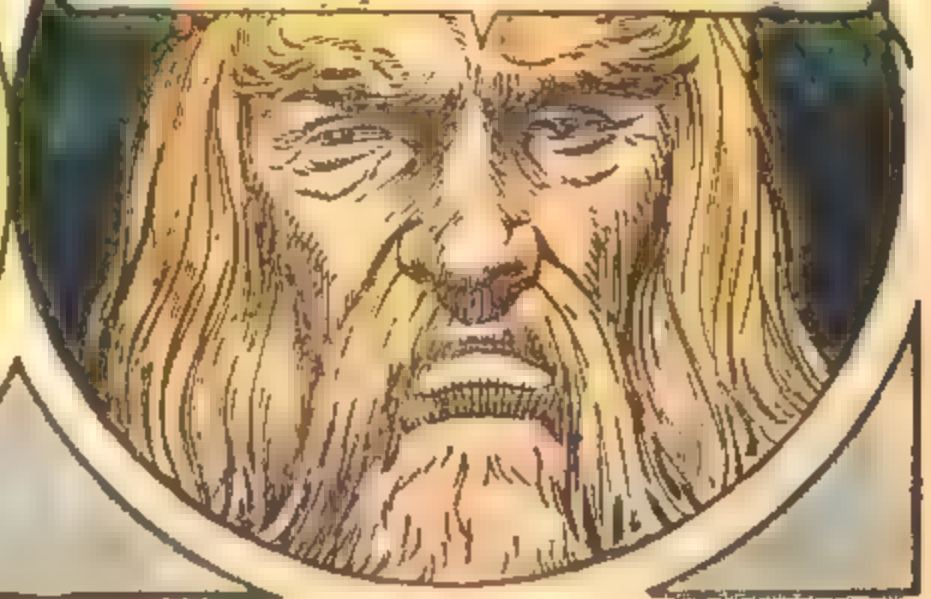


PITILESSLY, THE GHOST REPEATED
THE VERY WORDS THAT SCROOGE
HAD ONCE USED...



What if he
should not
live? If he
is to die, he
had better
do it and
decrease the
population.

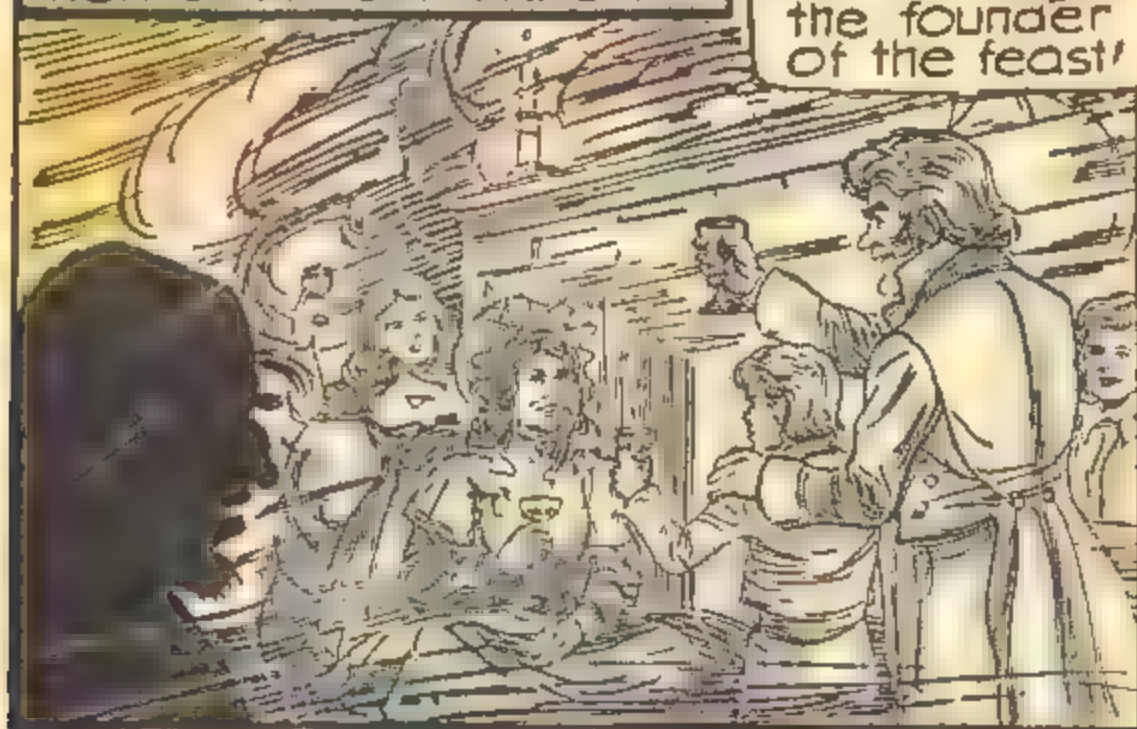
Who are you to decide what
men shall live and what men
shall die? In the sight of
Heaven, you may be more
worthless to live than millions
like this poor man's child!



TREMBLING BEFORE THE GHOST'S REBUKE, SCROOGE WAS STARTLED AT THE MENTION OF HIS OWN NAME...

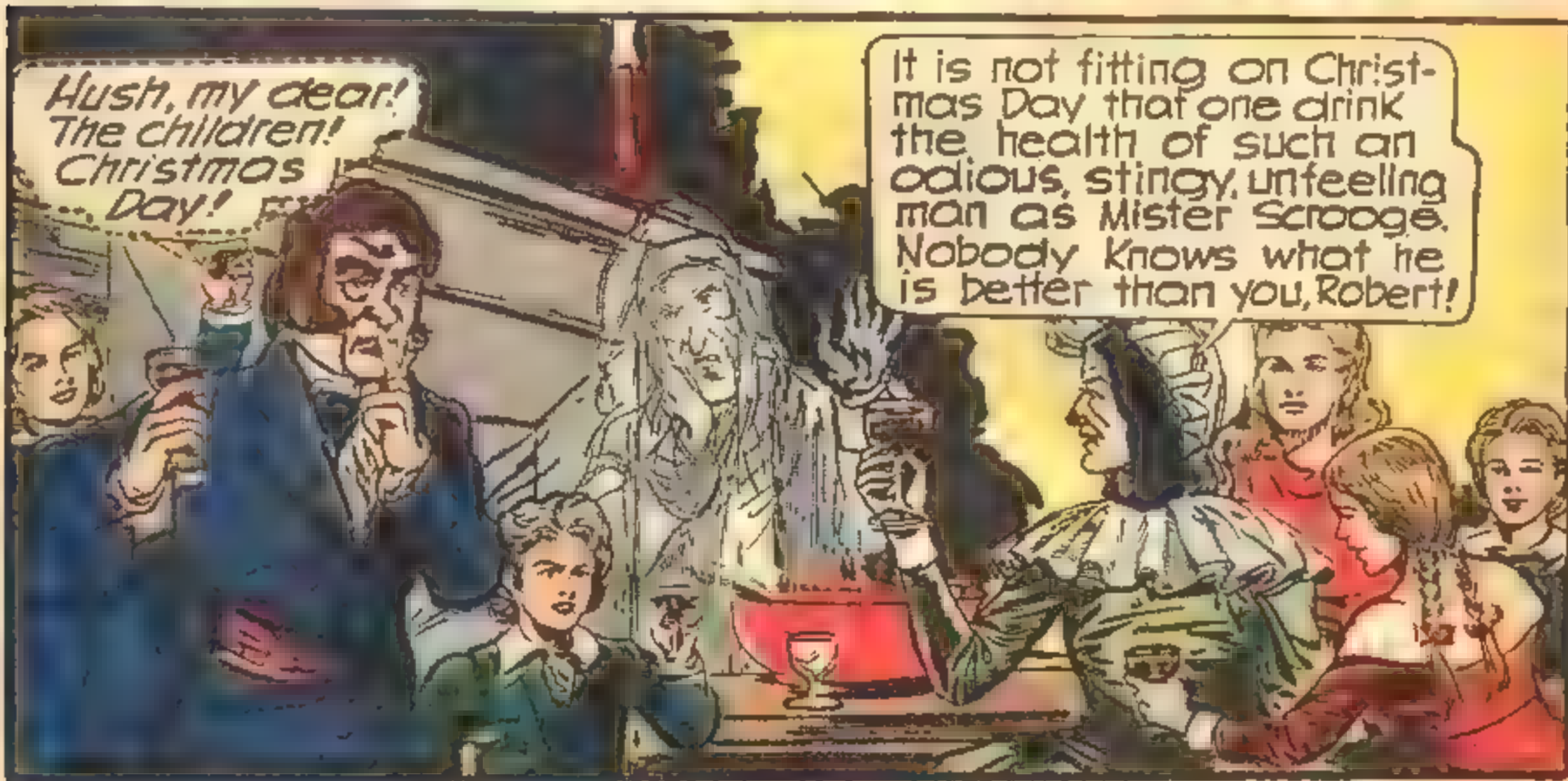
TO MISTER SCROOGE! I give you Mister Scrooge, the founder of the feast!

The founder of the feast, indeed! I wish I had him here! I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon!



Hush, my dear! The children! Christmas Day!

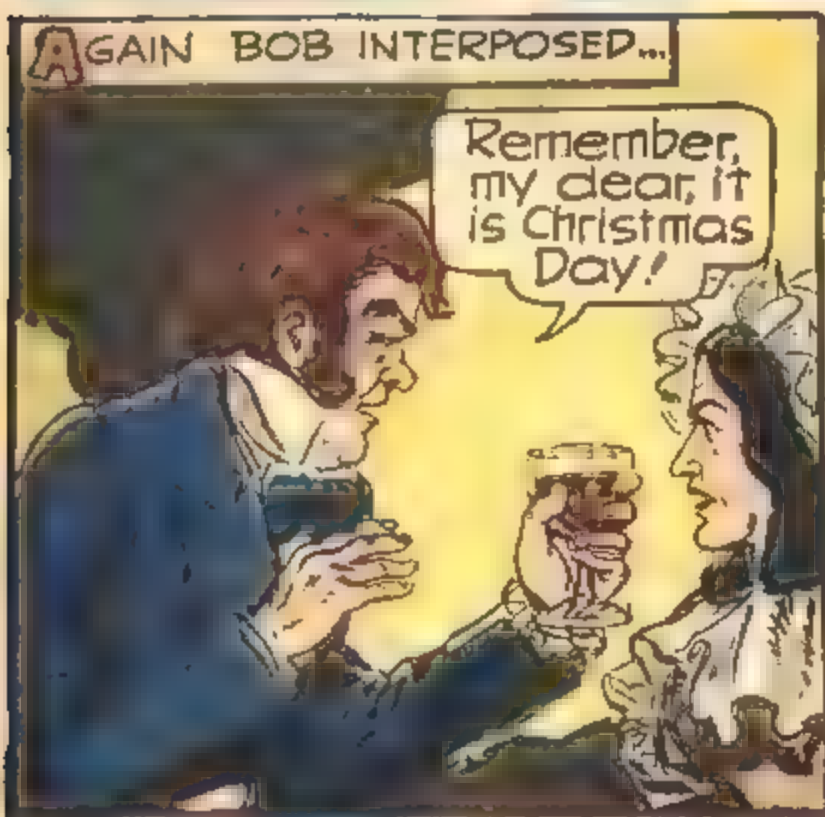
It is not fitting on Christmas Day that one drink the health of such an odious, stingy, unfeeling man as Mister Scrooge. Nobody knows what he is better than you, Robert!



AGAIN BOB INTERPOSED...

Remember, my dear, it is Christmas Day!

I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's; not for his. A Merry Christmas to Mister Scrooge, if it has any meaning for him!



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

ON THROUGH THE STREETS
SPED THE GHOST, WITH
SCROOGE CLINGING TIGHT-
LY TO ITS ROBE...

SOON, THEY STOOD
UPON A BLEAK MOOR...

A place
where
miners,
who labor
under the
earth, live.

What
place
is this?

INSIDE THE HUT, THEY
FOUND A CHEERFUL
COMPANY SINGING A
CHRISTMAS SONG...

AGAIN THEY HURRIED ON, AND
SPED OVER THE BLACK AND
HEAVING SEA... THEY LIGHTED
ON A SHIP...

A very
Merry
Christ-
mas to
you, sir!

See, they are
poor and des-
titute; but they
know me, the
Spirit of Christ-
mas Present.

The same to you!
Extend my greetings
to the men at their
stations. We'll all go
below for Christmas
Carols as soon as
this wind dies down.

SUDDENLY, SCROOGE WAS SUR-
PRISED TO HEAR A FAMILIAR
VOICE LAUGHING UPROARIOUSLY...

Strange!
That
sounds
like my
nephew!

Ha,
ha,
ha!

Ha, ha! He
said that
Christmas
was hum-
bug and
he believed
it, too!

More shame
on him, Fred!
I'm sure he
is very rich;
at least, you
always tell
me so!

What of it, my
dear? He does
no good with
it! He hasn't
the satisfaction
of thinking he
is ever going
to benefit us
with it.

I have no
patience
with him!

Oh, I have! I am
sorry for him! I'll
go on being nice to
him every Christmas...
who knows, he may even
give his clerk a raise!

AFTER TEA, THEY HAD SOME MUSIC AND THEN PLAYED GAMES. ENTERING INTO THE SPIRIT, SCROOGE JOINED THEM, ALTHOUGH THE COMPANY WAS UNAWARE OF HIS PRESENCE.

Let's play "yes and no," Fred.

Why not, my dear? I'll start off with some questions myself.



SCROOGE PLEADED WITH THE SPIRIT TO STAY A LITTLE LONGER...

My time is short.

But here's a new game. Please, Spirit, only one half hour longer. I beg you!

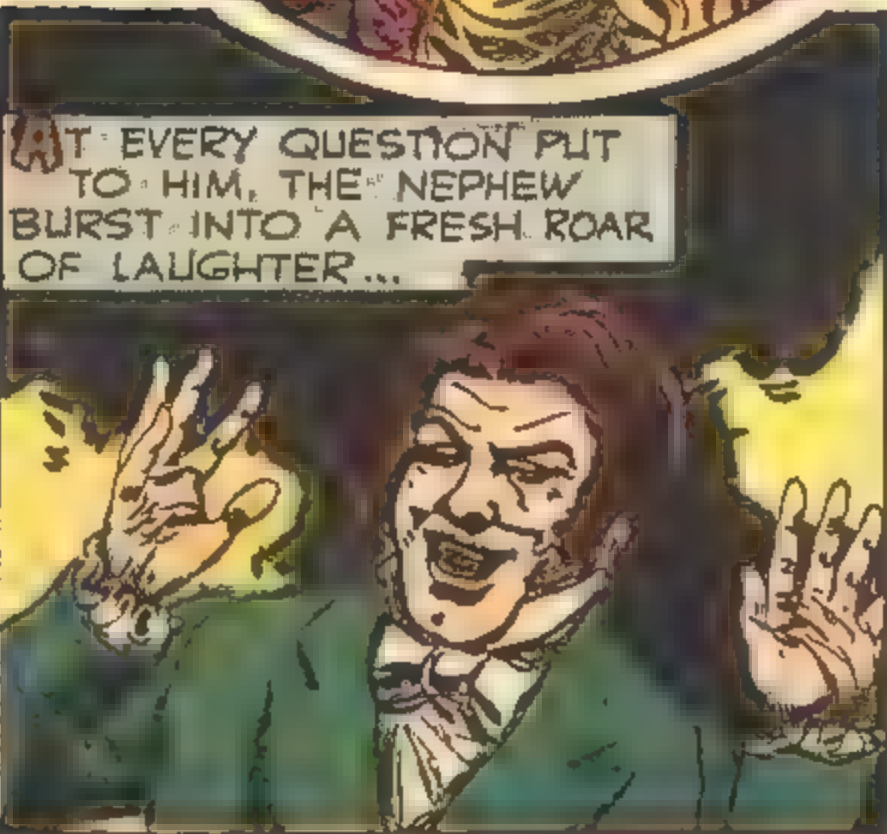


All right, my friends, fire away!



THE QUESTIONS CAME THICK AND FAST. "IS IT A LIVE ANIMAL?" "A RATHER DISAGREEABLE ANIMAL?" "DOES IT SOMETIMES TALK?" "IS IT A HORSE OR COW OR PIG OR BEAR?"

AT EVERY QUESTION PUT TO HIM, THE NEPHEW BURST INTO A FRESH ROAR OF LAUGHTER...



I know what it is, Fred! I know! It's your uncle Scro-o-ge!



THIS BROUGHT FORTH A FRESH GALE OF LAUGHTER, WHEN IT HAD SUBSIDED, THE NEPHEW RAISED HIS GLASS...

Thank ye, thank ye, my friends! A Merry Christmas to you all!

He has given us plenty of merriment and it would be ungrateful not to drink to his health! A Merry Christmas to the old man, Uncle Scrooge!

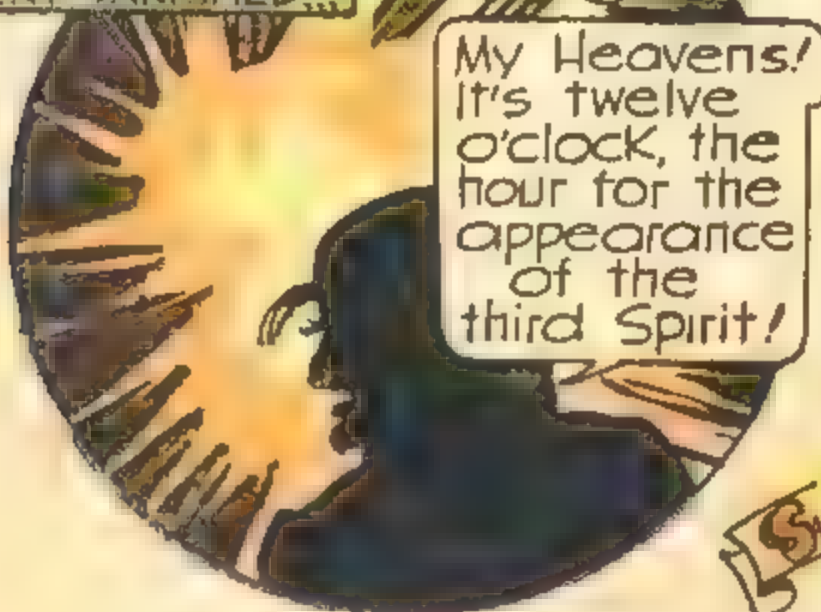


My life upon this globe is very brief! It ends tonight!



EVEN AS THE GHOST SPOKE, THE CHIMES SOUNDED MIDNIGHT. AT THE LAST STROKE OF THE BELL, THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT VANISHED...

My Heavens! It's twelve o'clock, the hour for the appearance of the third Spirit!



SUDDENLY...



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

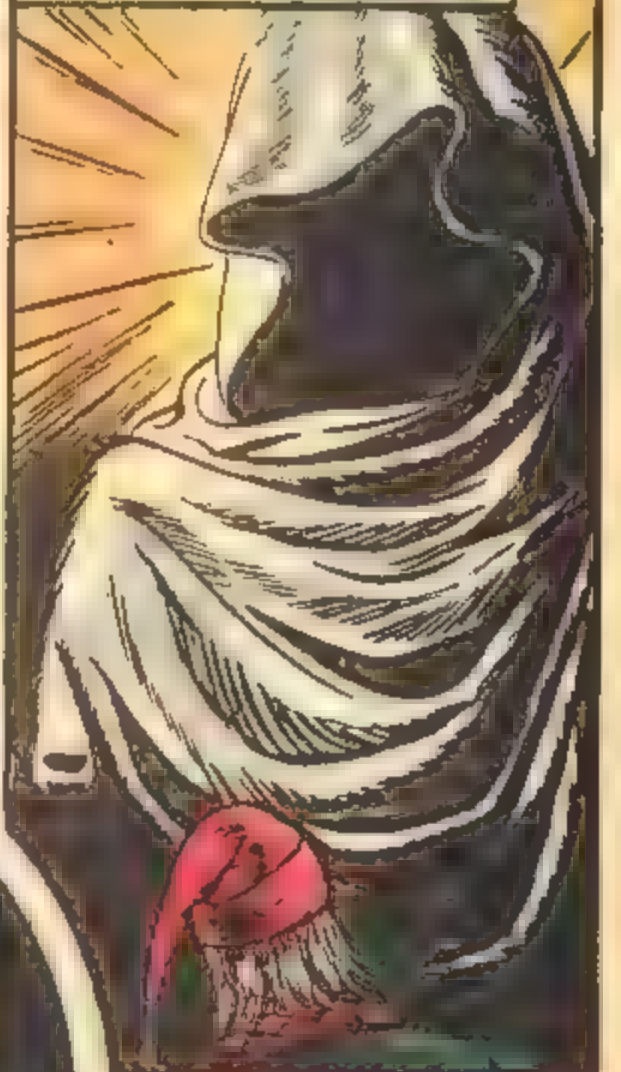


You are the
Ghost of
Christmas
Yet to
Come?

THE SPIRIT ANSWERED
NOT BUT POINTED ON-
WARD...

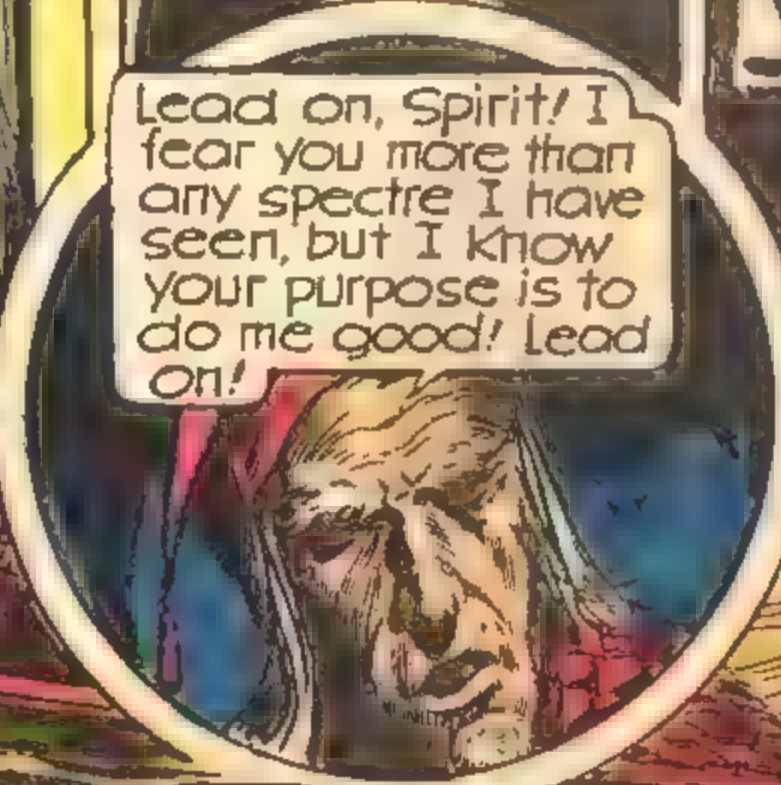
You are
about to
show me
shadows
of the things
that will hap-
pen in the
time before
us! Is that
so, Spirit?

THE SPIRIT INCLINED
ITS HEAD, AND THAT
WAS THE ONLY AN-
SWER HE RECEIVED...



Lead on, Spirit! I
fear you more than
any spectre I have
seen, but I know
your purpose is to
do me good! Lead
on!

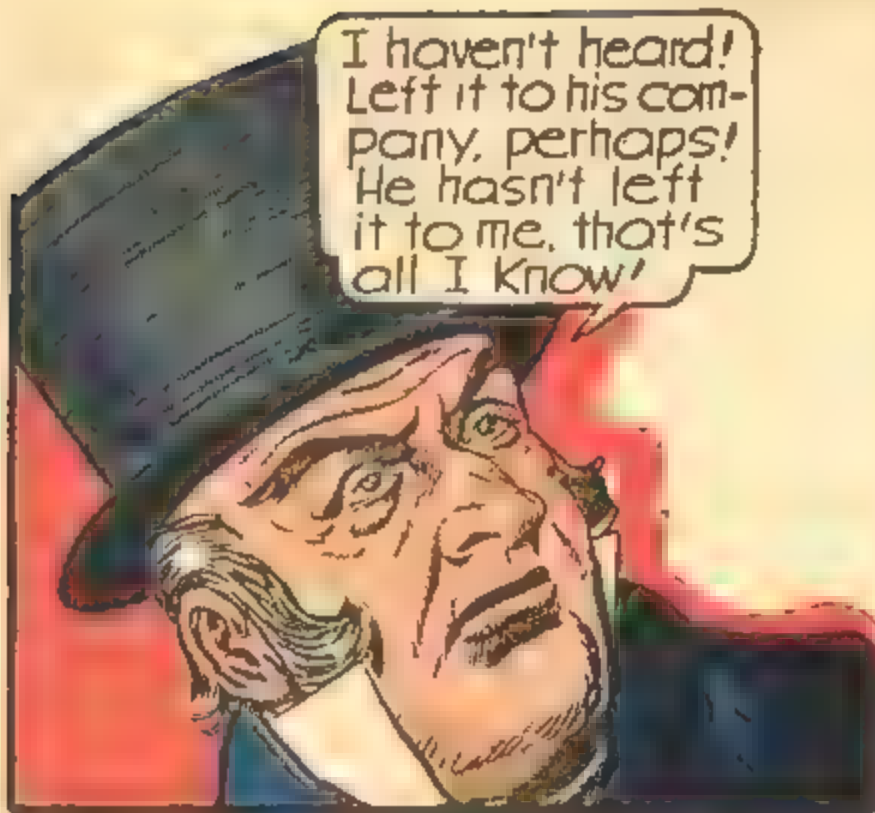
IN A TWINKLING,
THEY WERE IN
THE HEART OF A
BIG CITY AND
STOPPED BEFORE
A LITTLE KNOT
OF BUSINESS MEN...



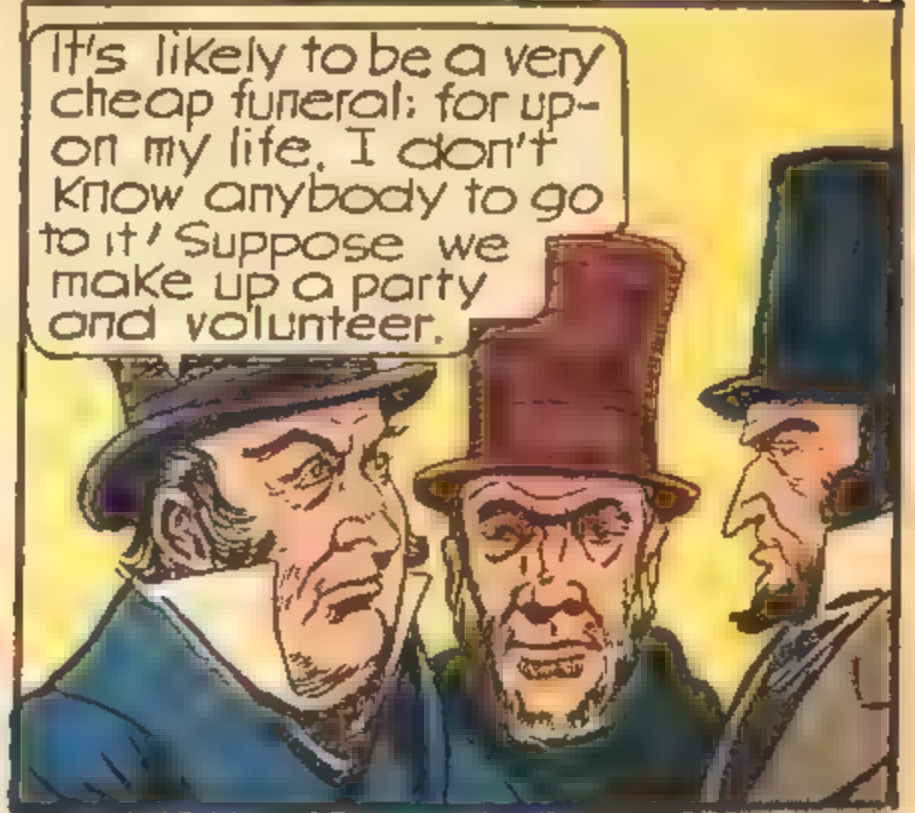
No, I don't
know much
about it
either way!
All I know
is, he is
dead!

Why, I
thought
he'd
never
die!

What has
he done
with his
money?



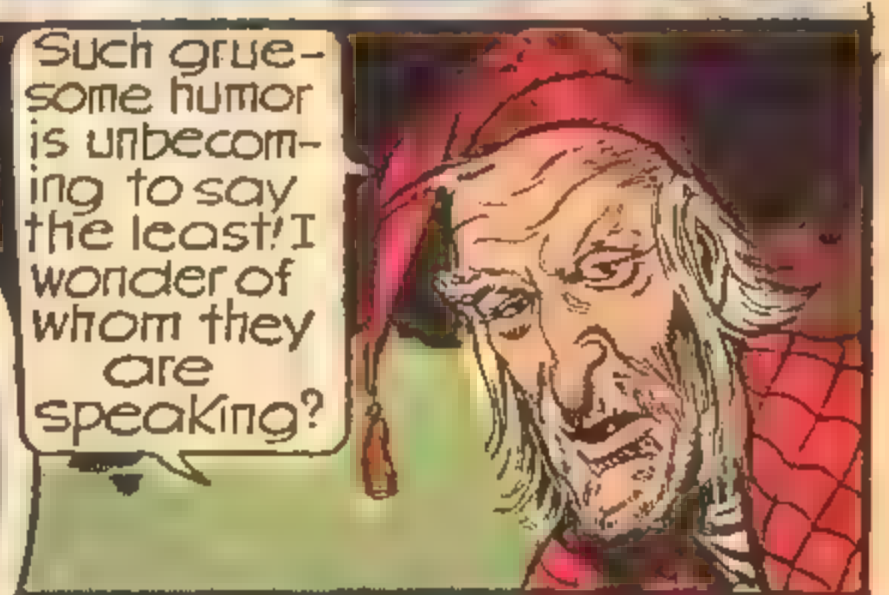
I haven't heard!
Left it to his com-
pany, perhaps!
He hasn't left
it to me, that's
all I know!



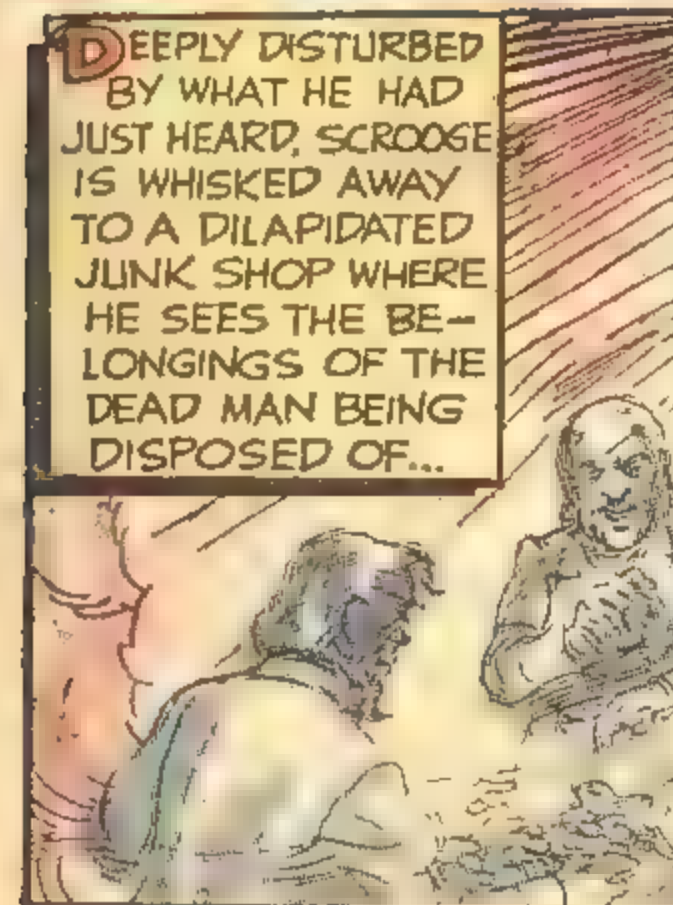
It's likely to be a very
cheap funeral; for up-
on my life, I don't
know anybody to go
to it! Suppose we
make up a party
and volunteer.



I don't mind
going if a
lunch is
provided! To
be sure, it isn't
my funeral!

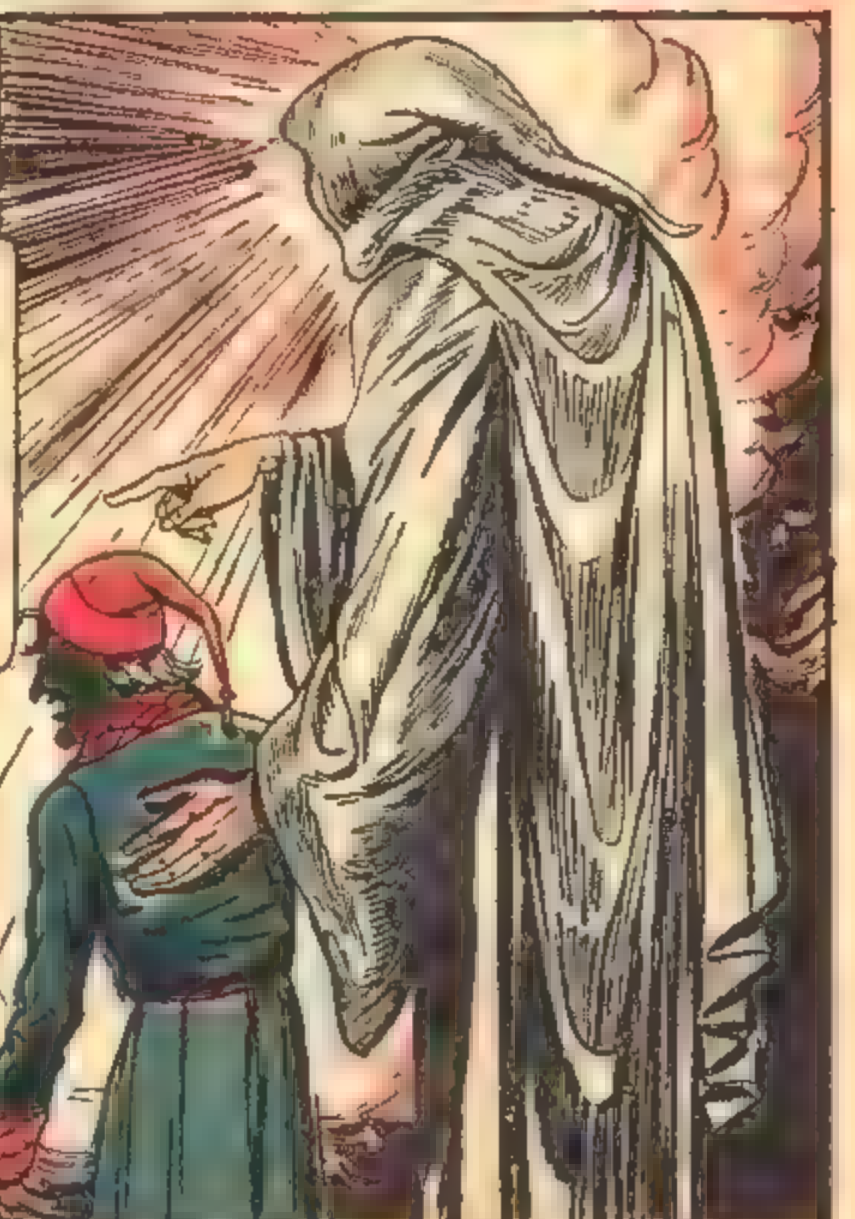


Such grue-
some humor
is unbecom-
ing to say
the least! I
wonder of
whom they
are
speaking?



DEEPLY DISTURBED
BY WHAT HE HAD
JUST HEARD, SCROOGE
IS WHISKED AWAY
TO A DILAPIDATED
JUNK SHOP WHERE
HE SEES THE BE-
LONGINGS OF THE
DEAD MAN BEING
DISPOSED OF...

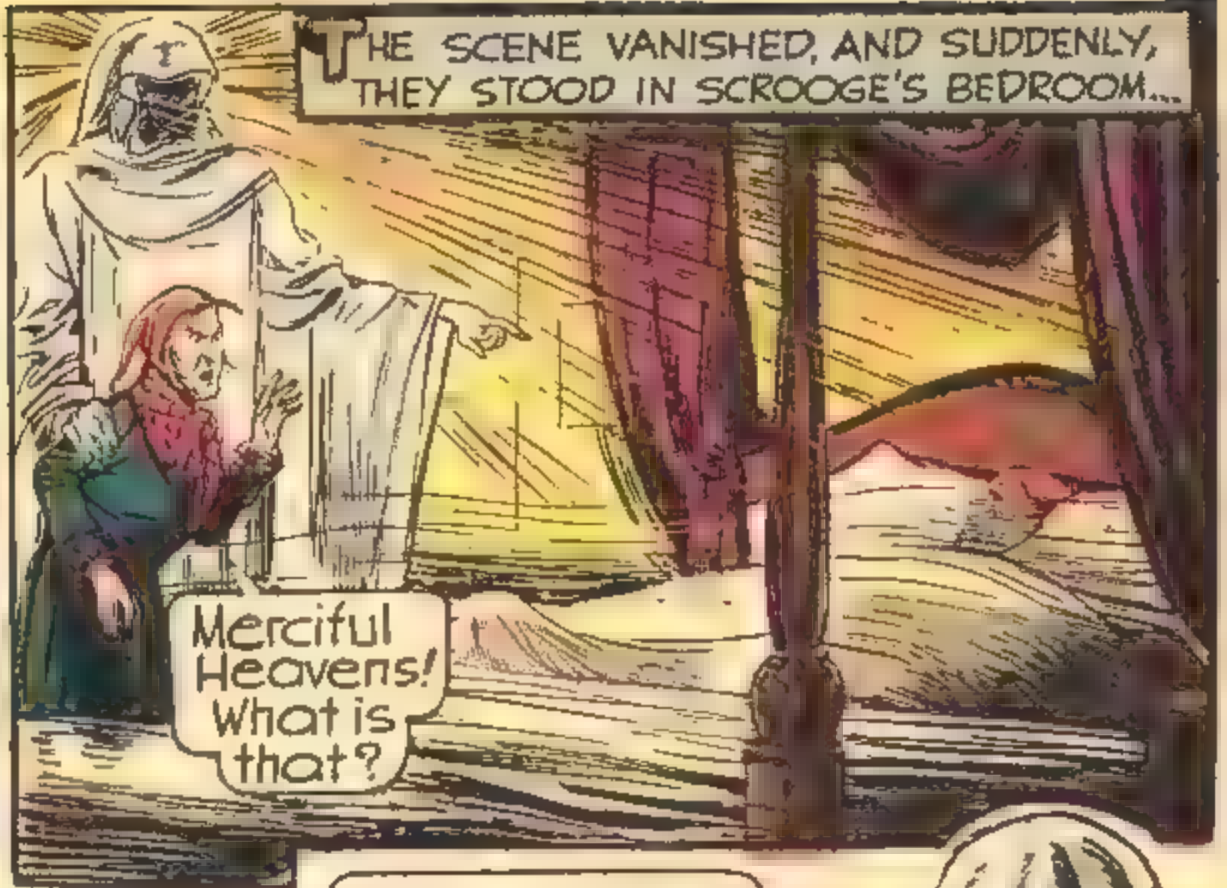
Ha, ha, ha!
This is his
gold, and
the end of
it, you see!
He fright-
ened every-
one away
from him
when he was
alive, to
profit us
when he
was dead!



Spirit! I see, I see! The case of this unhappy man might be my own!

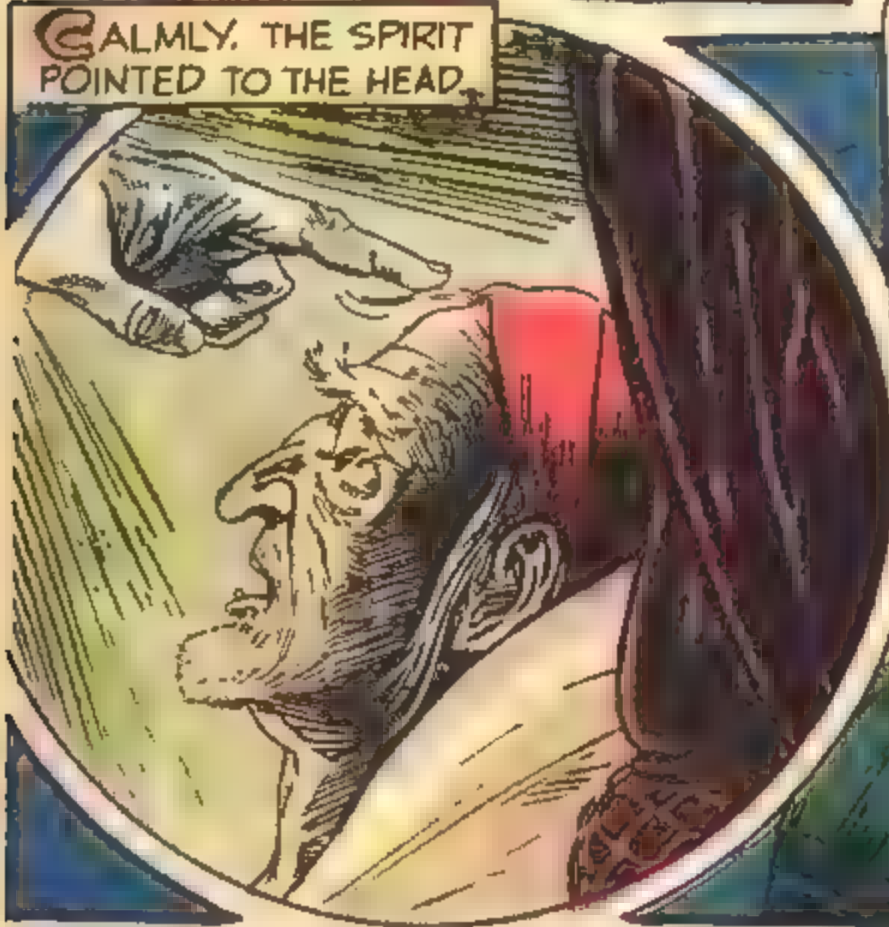


THE SCENE VANISHED, AND SUDDENLY, THEY STOOD IN SCROOGE'S BEDROOM...

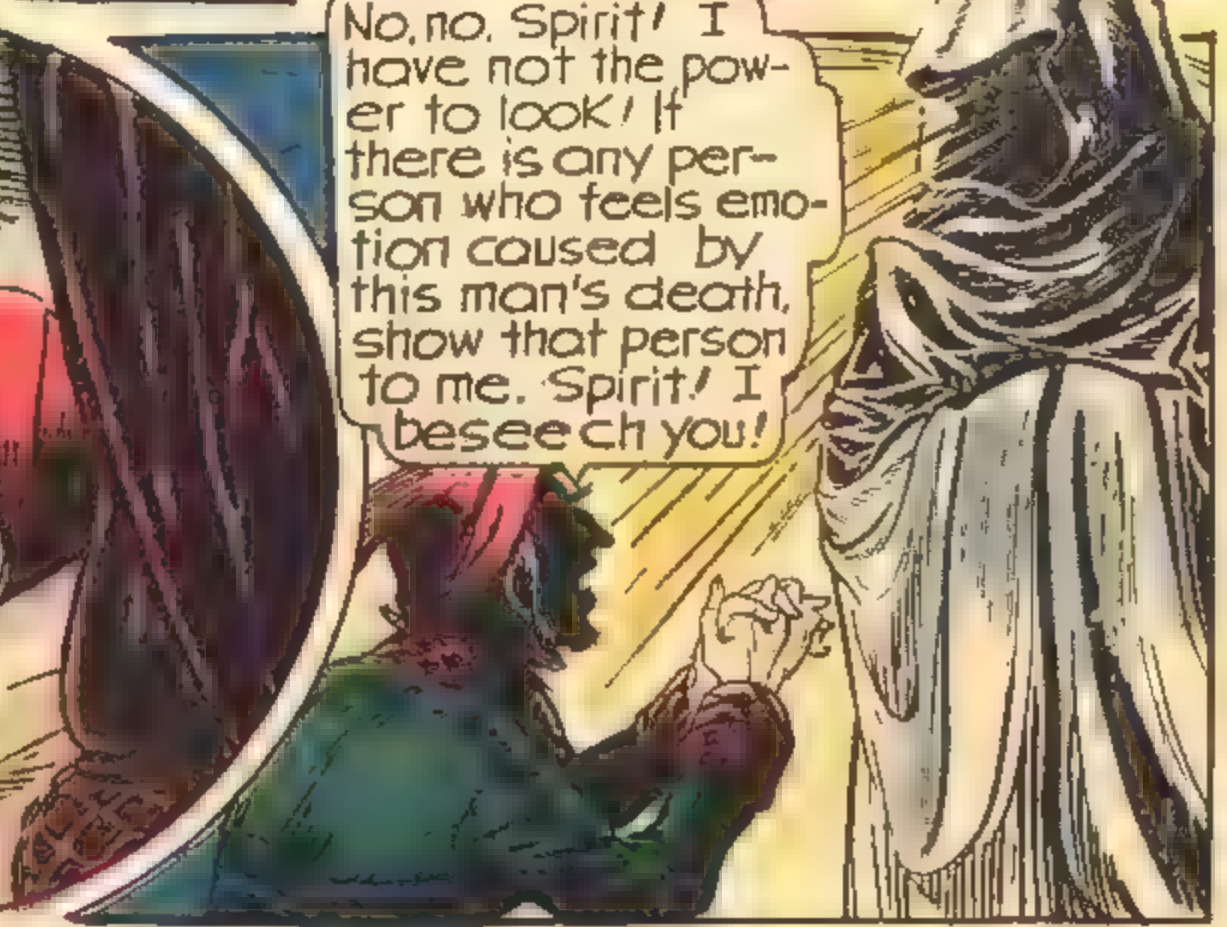


Merciful Heavens! What is that?

CALMLY, THE SPIRIT POINTED TO THE HEAD,



No, no, Spirit! I have not the power to look! If there is any person who feels emotion caused by this man's death, show that person to me. Spirit! I beseech you!



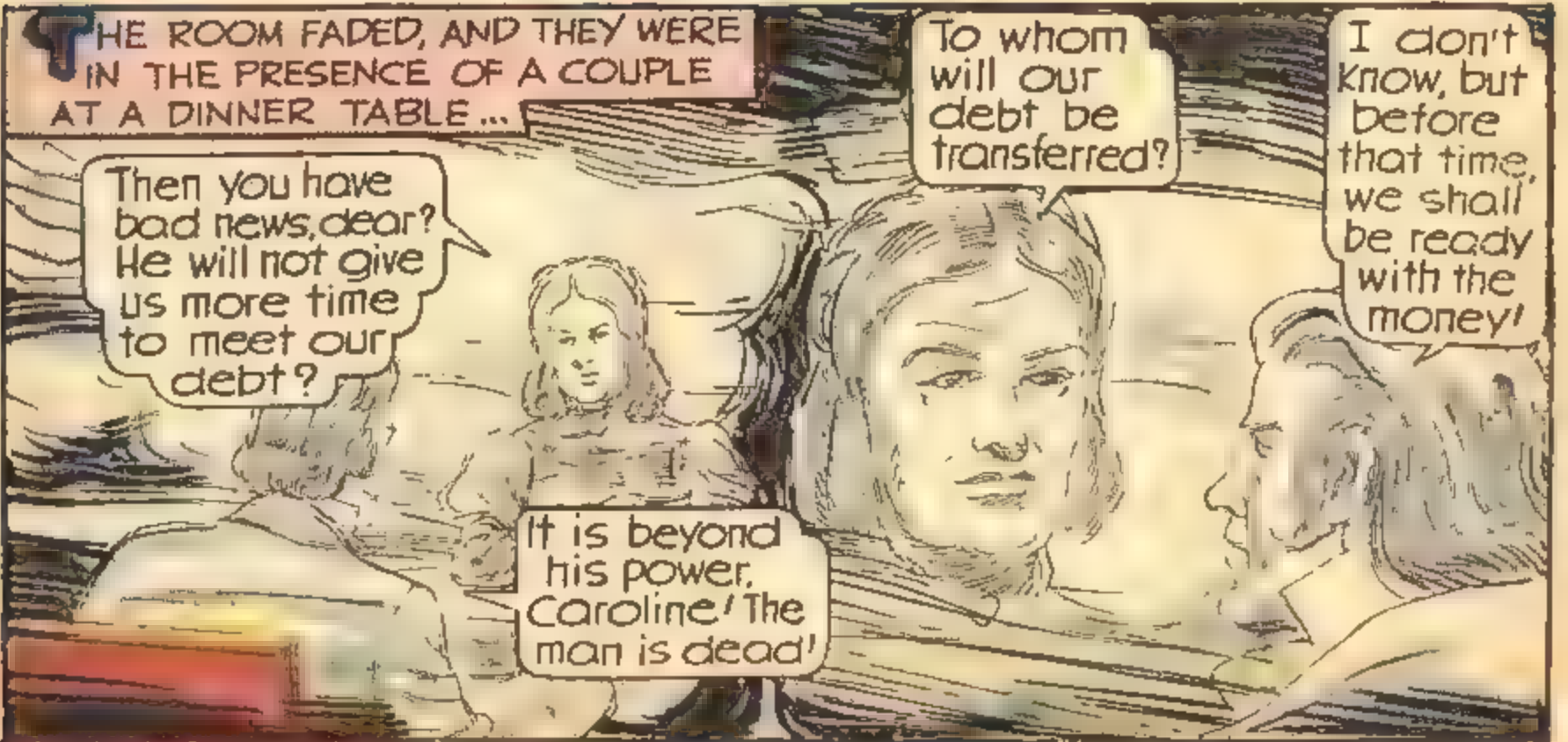
THE ROOM FADED, AND THEY WERE IN THE PRESENCE OF A COUPLE AT A DINNER TABLE...

Then you have bad news, dear? He will not give us more time to meet our debt?

To whom will our debt be transferred?

I don't know, but before that time, we shall be ready with the money!

It is beyond his power, Caroline! The man is dead!



AGAIN SCROOGE PLEADED WITH THE PHANTOM...

Let me see some tenderness connected with a death! Otherwise, Spirit, that dark chamber which we left just now will forever haunt me!

THE GHOST CONDUCTED HIM THROUGH THE STREETS AND THEY ENTERED POOR BOB CRATCHIT'S HOUSE...

Cratchit's house! Can it be Tiny Tim is—no, no, Spirit! It can't be, it mustn't!

TREMULOUSLY, SCROOGE FOLLOWED THE PHANTOM ACROSS THE THRESHOLD...

You mustn't for the world show your father you've been crying when he comes home! It must be near his time!

Past it, rather! But I think he's walked a little slower since Tiny—er—the last few evenings, mother!

I have known him to walk with Tiny Tim on his shoulder very fast indeed! He loved him so it was no trouble!

SOON, BOB CRATCHIT CAME IN, TRYING TO APPEAR CHEERFUL...

Tell me, Robert, were you—there today?

What an industrious family! How is everybody this fine day?

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Yes, my dear, and I wish you could have gone! Everything so green! I promised him I would walk there on a Sunday!

UNABLE TO CONTAIN HIMSELF ANY LONGER, HE BROKE DOWN SOBBING...

My little, little child! My poor little child!

DEEPLY AFFECTED BY THE SCENE HE HAD JUST WITNESSED, SCROOGE CRIED OUT IN ANGLISH...

Spectre! Somehow, I feel that our parting moment is at hand! Tell me what man that was whom I saw lying dead in the bed!

THE SPIRIT LED HIM TO A SHABBY, UNKEPT GRAVEYARD...

Before I draw near to that stone to which you point, answer me one question! Are these the shadows of the things that will be, or are they of the things that May be?

Merciful Heavens!

STILL THE GHOST POINTED DOWNWARD TO THE GRAVE BY WHICH HE STOOD...

JOHN BROWN
DIED 1841
AGE 70



FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE HAND APPEARED TO SHAKE...

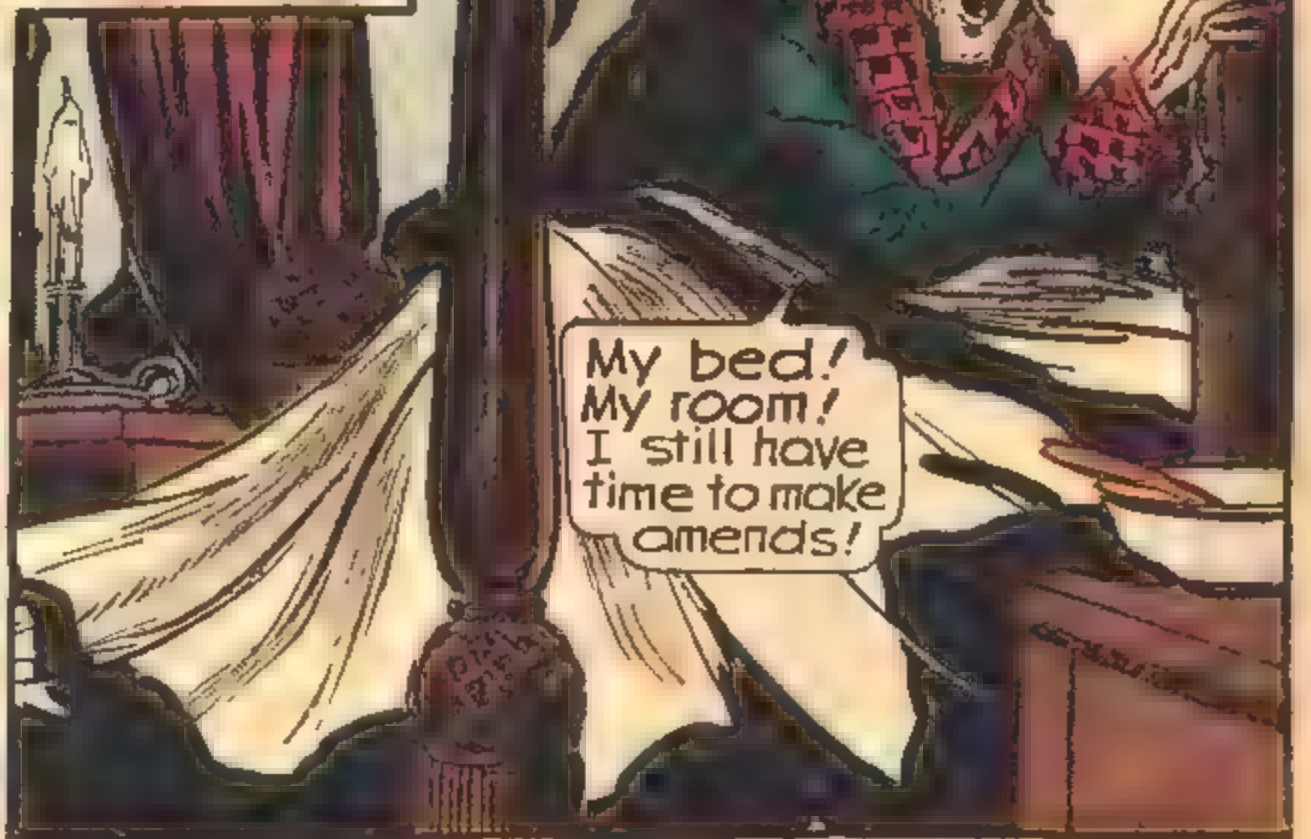


I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year! I will not shut out the lessons that the Three Spirits have taught me! Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!



SUDDENLY, THE PHANTOM SHRUNK, COLLAPSED AND DWINDLED DOWN INTO A BEDPOST...

TREMBLING WITH EMOTION, HE CAUGHT HOLD OF THE SPECTRAL HAND...



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

AS HE SCRAMBLED OUT OF BED, HE CRIED OUT WITH JOY...

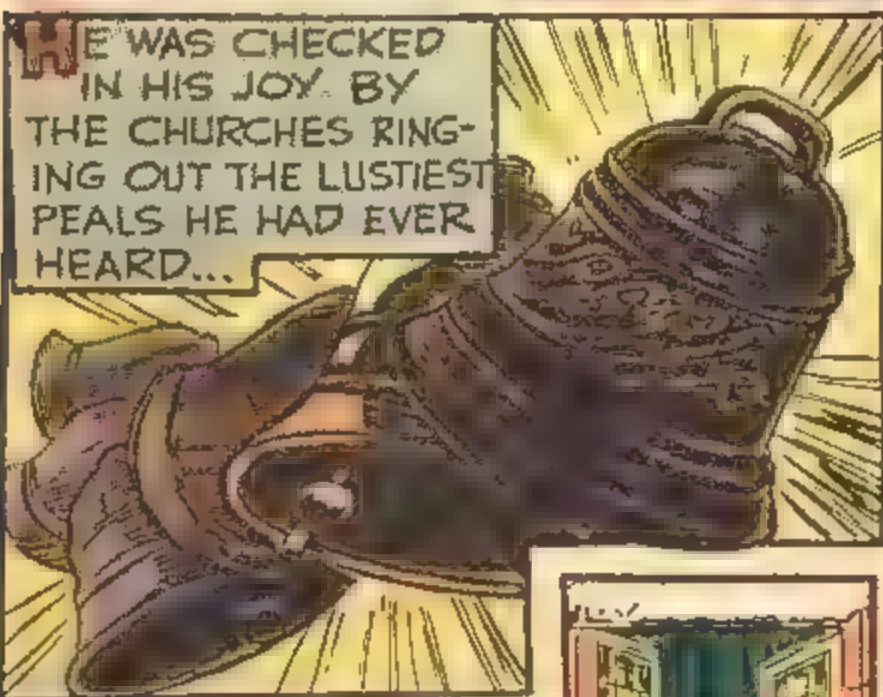
I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future! Oh, Jacob Marley! Heaven and Christmas be praised for this!



I don't know what to do! I am as happy as an angel, as merry as a schoolboy! A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world! Hallo there! Whoop!



HE WAS CHECKED IN HIS JOY BY THE CHURCHES RINGING OUT THE LUSTIEST PEALS HE HAD EVER HEARD...



Church bells! Can it be...



Hello you, down there! What day is this?

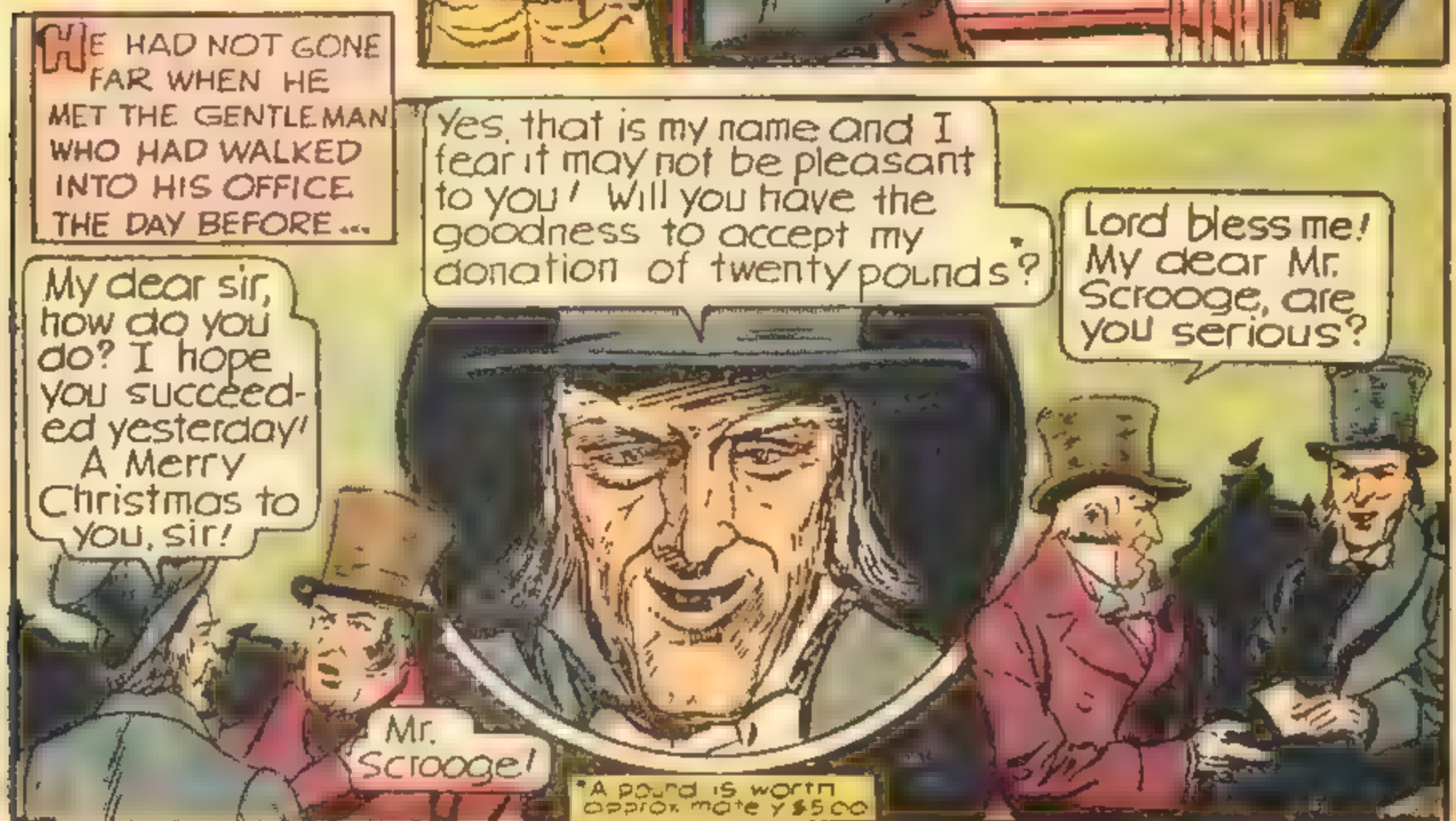
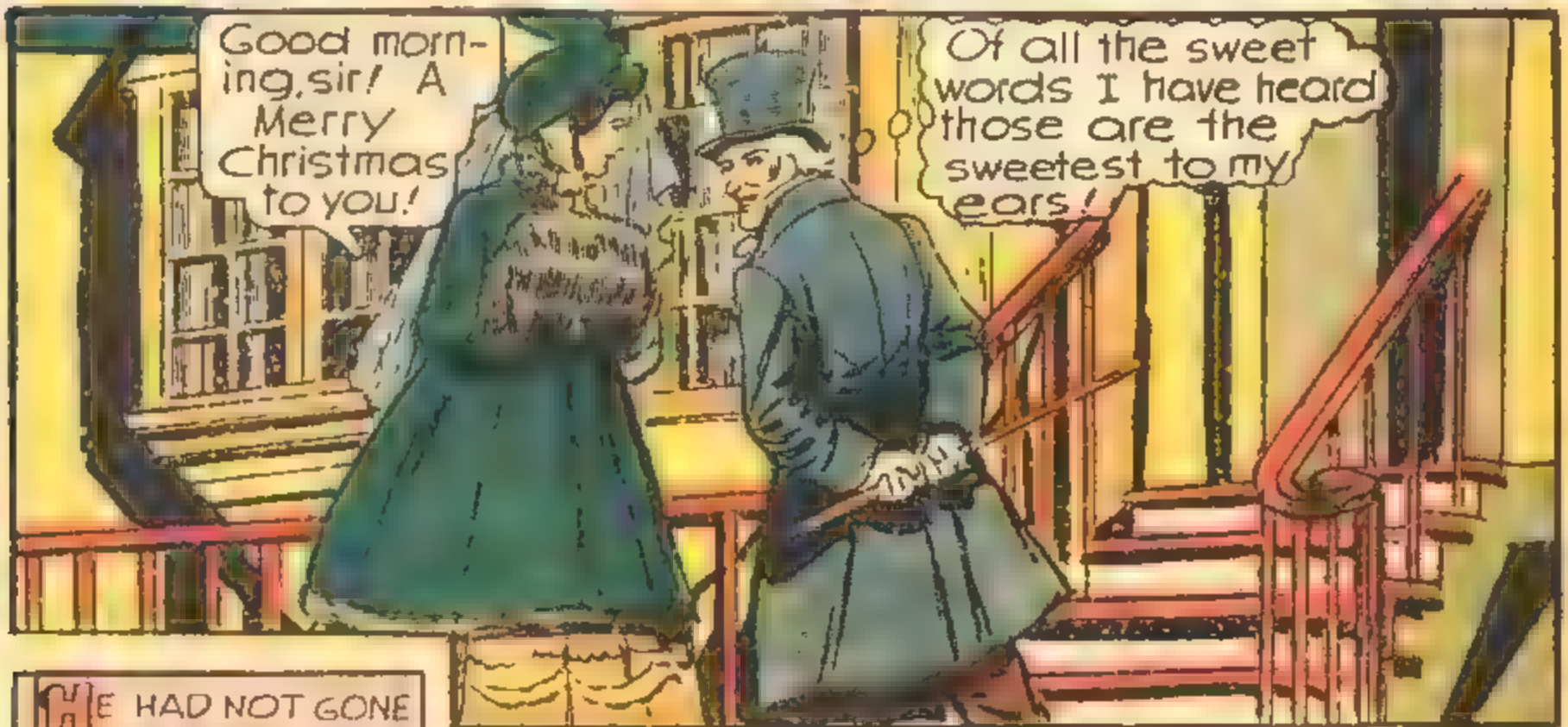


Today? Why, Christmas Day, to be sure!

Hallo there, m'lad! Go over to the poulterer and see if he still has that prize turkey... the big one! Make it quick and I'll give you half a crown!



It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it!



If you please, not a farthing* less! A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you! Will you do me that favor?

I don't know what to say to such generosity!

*Half a cent

HE WENT TO CHURCH AND WALKED ABOUT THE STREETS PATTING CHILDREN ON THE HEAD, STOPPING TO QUESTION BEGGARS, AND QUITE AS HAPPY AS HE HAD NEVER BEEN BEFORE... IN THE AFTERNOON, HE WENT TO HIS NEPHEW'S HOUSE...

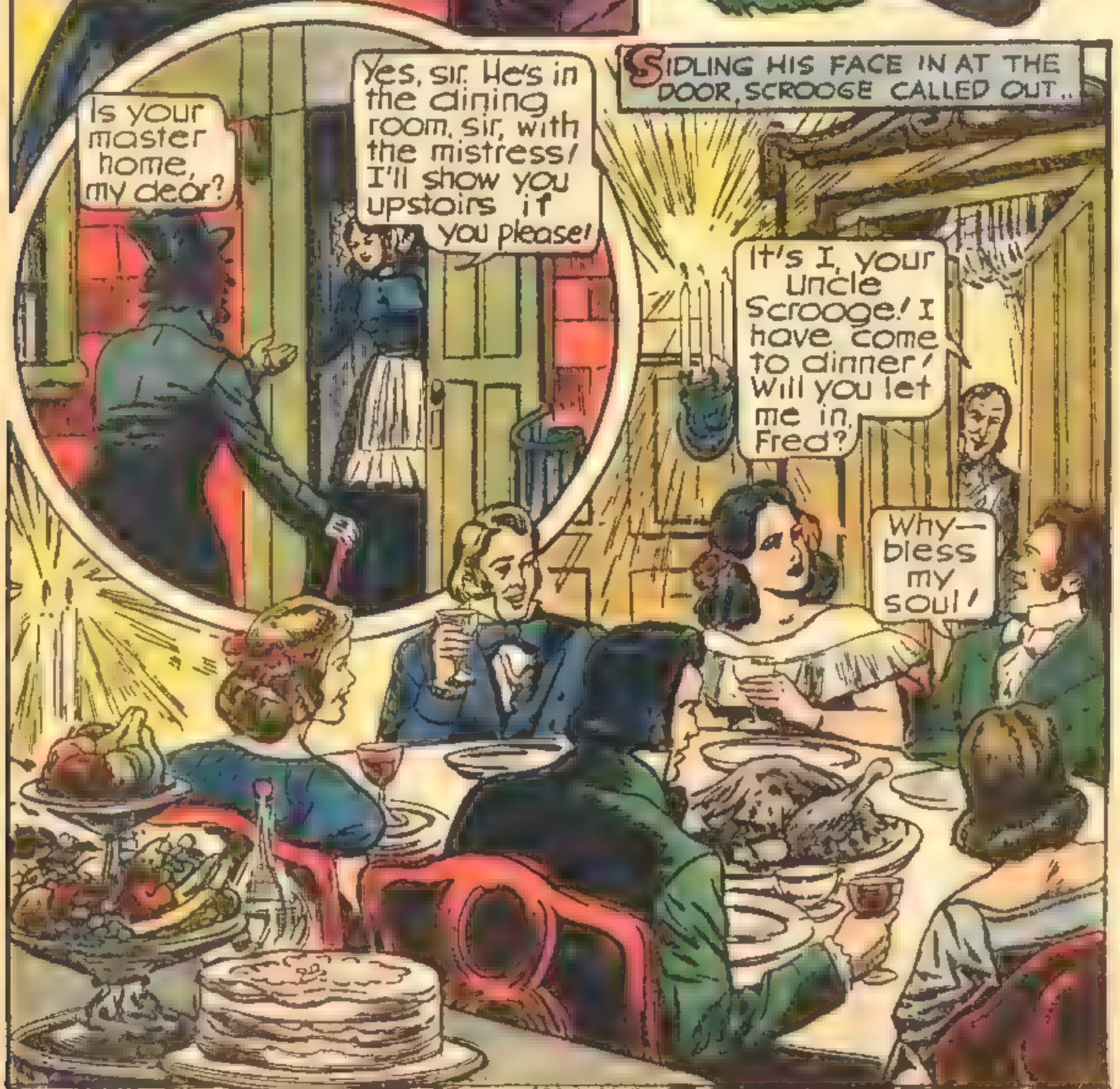
Is your master home, my dear?

Yes, sir. He's in the dining room, sir, with the mistress! I'll show you upstairs if you please!

SIDLING HIS FACE IN AT THE DOOR, SCROOGE CALLED OUT..

It's I, your Uncle Scrooge! I have come to dinner! Will you let me in, Fred?

Why—bless my soul!

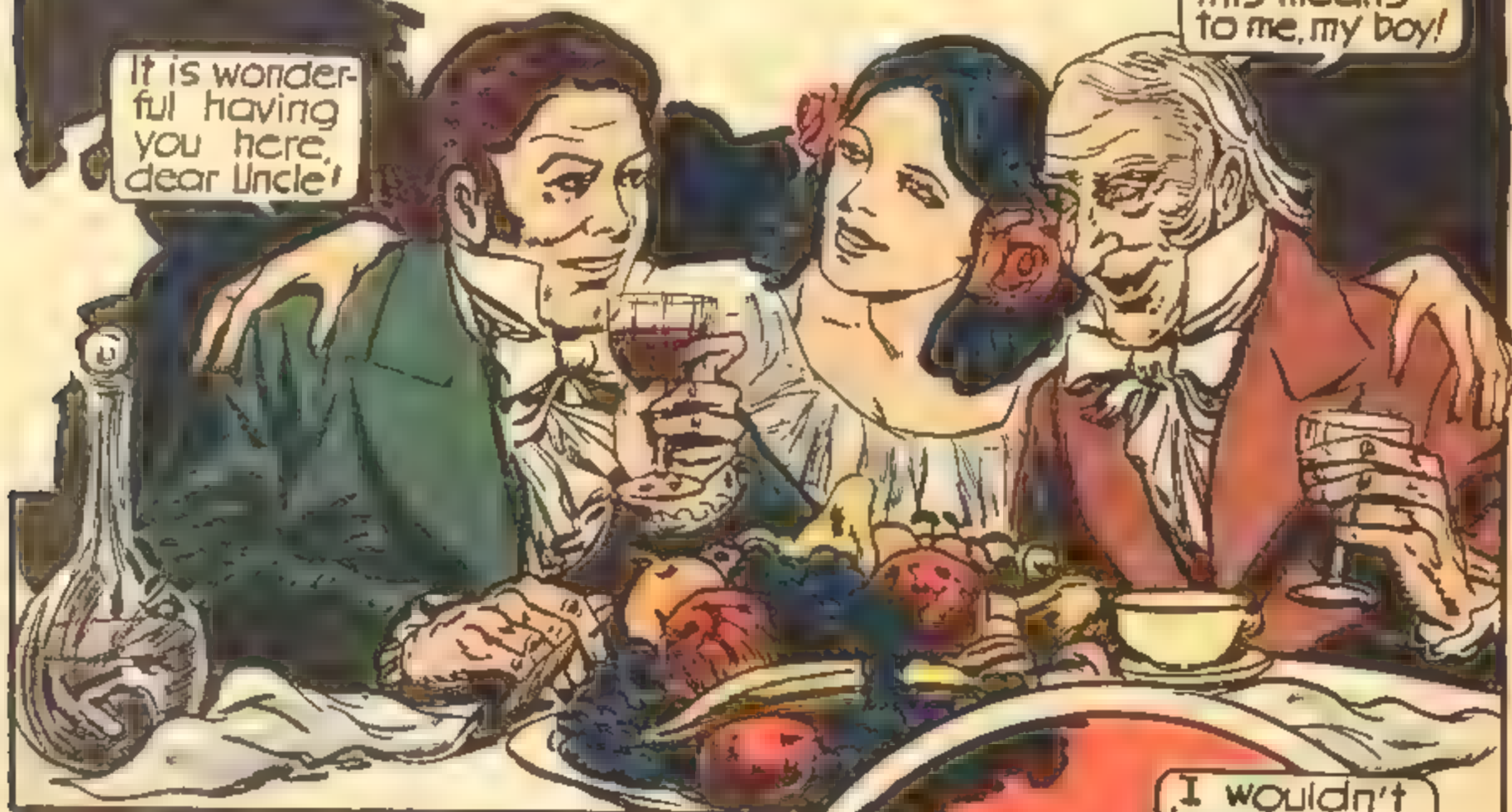


CLASSICS Illustrated

RECEIVED JOYFULLY BY HIS NEPHEW AND NIECE, SCROOGE HAD THE HAPPIEST TIME OF HIS LIFE...

It is wonderful having you here, dear Uncle!

You'll never understand how much this means to me, my boy!



A NIGHT OF WONDERFUL GAMES, WONDERFUL PEOPLE AND HAPPINESS...

Oh, Uncle, we were all so afraid you would not come!

I wouldn't have missed this for all the money in the world, my darling!



NEXT MORNING...

I must go to the office early this morning before Bob Cratchit gets there!



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

AS HE WALKED ALONG, HE CHUCKLED AT THE LITTLE JOKE HE PLANNED FOR HIS CLERK...

Heh, heh, heh! I can just see Bob Cratchit's face now, as I call him down for being late!

Good! He isn't here yet!

THE CLOCK STRUCK NINE... A QUARTER PAST... AND NO BOB...

Wonderful! Cratchit is fifteen minutes late!

THREE MINUTES LATER, CRATCHIT STEPPED MEEKLY INTO HIS LITTLE CELL...

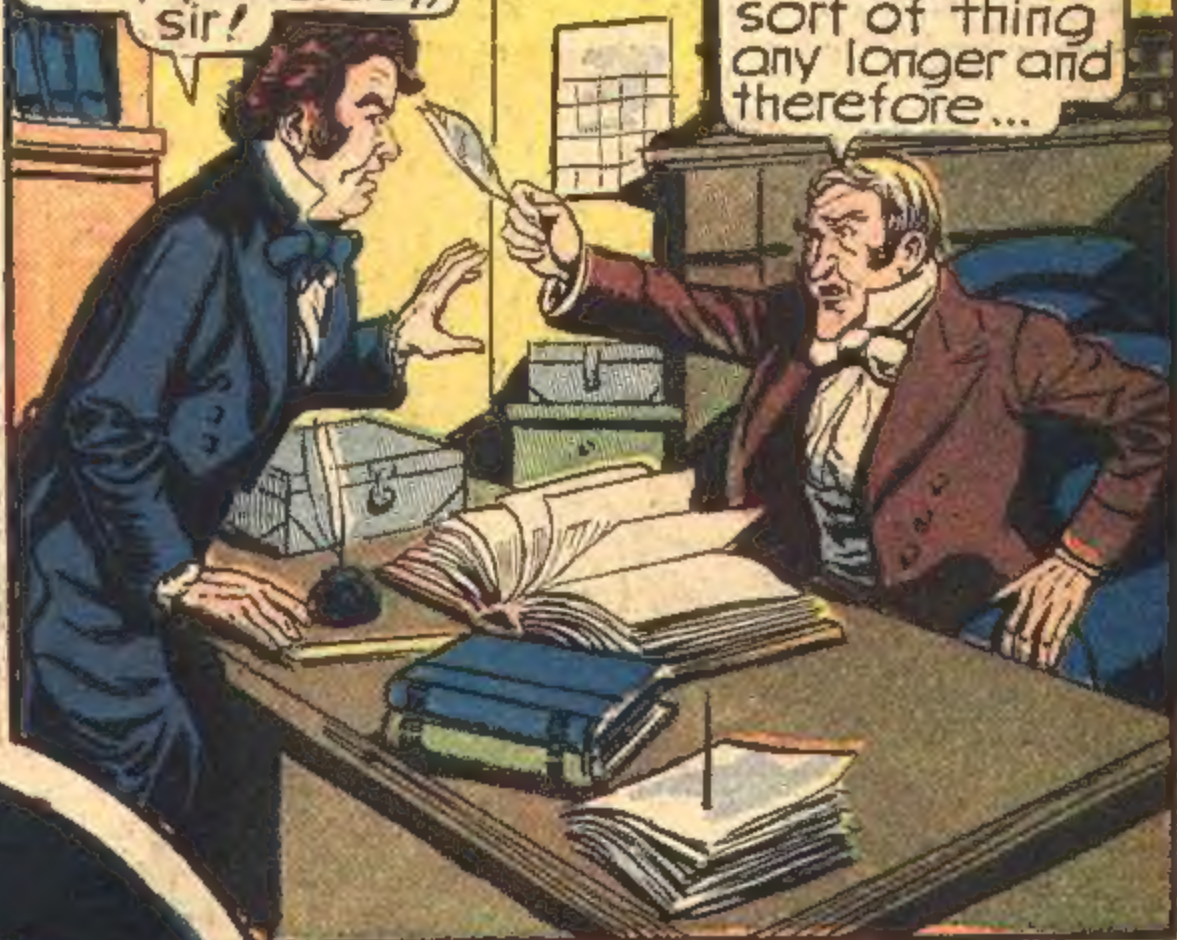
*I'm late!
I hope Mr. Scrooge is easy with me this morning!*

Hallo! What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

I'm very sorry, sir! I am behind my time!



It's only once a year, sir! It shall not be repeated! I was making merry yesterday, sir!



SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS, CRATCHIT MADE A GRAB FOR THE RULER...



A CHRISTMAS CAROL



SOME PEOPLE LAUGHED TO SEE THE ALTERATION IN HIM...



CHARLES DICKENS

BORN 1812 — DIED 1870

CHARLES DICKENS was born at Landport, England on February 7th, 1812. His father, John Dickens, was a clerk in the navy pay office, and was at the time stationed in the Portsmouth dockyard. His mother was a house-keeper at Crewe, and was famous for her powers of story-telling. In 1816, the family, which consisted of seven children, moved to Chatham. Dickens was small and sickly; he amused himself by reading and watching the games of other boys. His mother taught him his letters and he pored over a small collection of books belonging to his father.

His father, whose character is more or less represented by Micawber, was always in financial difficulties. Although he was a very affectionate parent, he was entirely forgetful of his son's claims to a decent education. In spite of the family difficulties, the eldest child, Fanny, was sent to the Royal Academy of Music, but Charles was left to black his father's boots, look after the younger children and do small errands.

Dicken's uncle, Thomas Barrow, took notice of him occasionally. The uncle lodged in a house where a book-selling business was carried on, and the proprietress lent the child some books. His literary tastes were kept alive and he tried his hand at writing a description of the uncle's barber.

The father was finally imprisoned for his debts, the family broken up, and Charles was forced to lodge in Camden Town with a poor old lady, a Mrs. Roy-lance. She turned out to be his inspiration for Mrs. Pipchin in "Dombey & Son." Later, he found another lodging with a family near the



prison, which is represented by the Garlands in his "Old Curiosity Shop." The Dickenses were better off in prison than they had been previously. The maid-of-all work, who followed them there, became the Marchioness of the "Old Curiosity Shop." Dickens' amazing faculty of observation is proved by the use he made in his novels in the prison scenes of "Pickwick" and in the earlier part of David Copperfield.

About 1824, Dickens was sent to a school kept by a Mr. Jones, and called the Wellington House Academy. His health soon improved. His schoolfellows remembered him as a handsome lad overflowing with animal spirits, writing stories, getting up little theatrical performances, and fond of harmless, practical jokes.

In 1835, he became a reporter for the "Morning Chronicle" and wrote for many of the periodicals of the time. On April 2, 1836, Dickens married Catherine Hofarth, the eldest daughter of his colleague on the "Morning Chronicle." His "Pickwick Papers" soon became an extraordinary success.

Dickens was now a prize for which publishers might contend. He followed with "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge." He became a prodigious writer. But of all his works, "A Christmas Carol" together with five similar books that appeared at the same time, became the most popular.

Dickens had ten children and was intensely fond of them all. If literary fame could be safely measured by popularity with the common people, Dickens must claim the highest position among English novelists.



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

SIR HENRY BESSEMER

SIR HENRY BESSEMER, British engineer, was born January 19, 1813 at Charlton, Hertfordshire. Throughout his life, he patented many inventions, but he is best known for his process of manufacturing steel. Although the Bessemer process has been greatly improved since it was first announced to the world, although it is now largely supplanted by the open-hearth method, at the time it was introduced, it was of enormous industrial importance. It greatly cheapened the price of steel and soon, steel was being used in great quantities, in place of inferior alloys that had been cheaper in price. Today, steel is called the lifeblood in industry.

Unlike many other discoveries and inventions that were brought about by accident, Bessemer's process was the result of years of painstaking experimentation. Bessemer had been trying to build a better cannon. Those used by his government at the time were made of cast iron. After a few shells had been fired, they tended to become overheated and were useless in battle. Bessemer knew that a steel cannon would stand up better than an iron one, but the price of manufactured steel was so high, that it would be impossible to make cannon in quantity unless a much cheaper way of making steel could be found.

Now, steel is an alloy of iron, and it is made by melting iron ore so that all the impurities of the ore can be drawn away. When the steel is molten hot, so that it looks like white water, a charge of coke, limestone and air are added to the metal. Together, with a certain percentage of carbon left in the ore, these ingredients change the iron ore into steel.



Bessemer discovered that if he took cast iron and melted it until it was molten and then forced a blast of air through the mass of metal, he could control the carbon content of the metal so that it



would be changed into steel.

Bessemer's first public announcement of his process attracted a great deal of attention, and five British steel firms quickly applied for licenses to use his method. But after going into expensive construction of converters, the manufactured steel was found to be no good. It took Bessemer another two years of further experimentation to manufacture a better steel.

Bessemer went to the steel men who had lost heavily in using his process. He told them he now had a better steel, but they wouldn't listen to him. He had already stung them once.

Borrowing money from relatives and friends, Bessemer manufactured steel himself to show the industrialists that they had sold him short. He opened a small mill in Sheffield. Output at first was very small, but soon, the wonder alloy was being made in quantity. And Bessemer was able to undersell the other steel by nearly one hundred dollars a ton!

Once more, the industrialists applied for licenses to use Bessemer's patents. And now, steel was really being manufactured. It went into buildings, trains, boats, bicycles, and thousands of other things.

Besides amassing a fortune of five million dollars, Bessemer was knighted by the king, and was admitted as a Fellow to the Royal Society.

Before his death in 1898, Sir Henry Bessemer was able to leave the world richer with many other inventions. The most notable of these are moving dies, sugar refining machinery, and gold paint.

Sir Henry Bessemer was a true scientist, a man of patience and courage. A less hardy soul would have given up in despair after the first attempt of using his process proved so disastrous.

